JOHN BULL, MAY 14, 1932

MY LIFE SENTENCE BY THE MAN THEY DID NOT HANG Pages 8 & 9

TWOPENCE
Vol. LI.
1352.

JOHN BULL

BIRD'S CUSTARD

has no rival for creaminess, nor for its clean fresh taste.

Three ways of serving Bird's Custard

(1) If it is FRUIT or RHUBARB nothing goes with them like Bird's Custard. It *provides real food backing.*

(2) AS HOT SAUCE. Delicious with every kind of pudding. Serve Bird's steaming hot as soon as made. The *flavor tells!*

(3) SET CUSTARD. Bird's makes lovely firm or Set Custard. Reduce milk to three quarters pint only, and employ *usual quantities Powder and* Sugar as *printed directions.*

These wonderful qualities of Bird's Custard, its texture and taste, make "just all the difference" to enjoyment. Because of them, fruit and pudding are always better when served with Bird's.

The abundant nourishment in Bird's Custard is of importance to everyone's welfare. Children, especially, should only be given really nourishing foods. *When you buy "Bird's" you are buying the nourishing Custard; that is why it is cheapest to buy "Bird's."*

Family Tins 1,3½. *Cartons* — 10½*d.* 6½*d.* 2½*d.* 1½*d.*

TESTED JB

C.60

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MONEY.
COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Children's Vests, 4/11 per doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 7/11 doz. Genuine Tremola Shirts, 2 Collars, 3/11 each. Boys' ribbed Jerseys, 12/- doz. Ladies' Overalls, 7/6 doz. Hundreds of Bargains in our Warehouse. Wholesale only. Quarter dozens supplied. Come and see us or write for Catalogue, post free.—COCHRANE & SONS, 1, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time; every kind; good profits; 200-page Catalogue free.—May (173), George St., Birmingham.

89-PAGE WHOLESALE Drapery Catalogue, Post Free. Perfect and repeatable goods of Quality and Value. Keenest Prices. All Depts. Ladies', Men's, Child's, Household. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wholesale only to the Trade.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds.

MAKE MONEY by selling our Lovely Ladies' Necklets, etc.; inexpensive; wonderful value; good profits; parties, free.—ORIENTAL NECKLET CO., 66, King Street, Huddersfield.

START FISH TRADE.—6 Stone Mixed for Frying or Hawking, Best Quality, £1 Cwt. Paid. Write Prices.—REG. HURST, Pontoon, Grimsby.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Partics. and cat. free.—Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

ORGANISERS WANTED for marvellous value 1/- Weekly Clubs. Stupendous bargains on easy payments. Big pay given & expenses paid. Write Imperial Stores, 160, Summerville, Bradford.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS. Beautiful coloured catalogue, nearly 200 pages, free. No outlay. Free Gift every Agent.
F. J. TATE, 26, NEVILLE STREET, LEEDS.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME. £2-£5 per week easily earned by handling our Packet Tea. Write to-day for particulars.—THE INDIAN & CEYLON DIRECT TEA SUPPLY CO., 25, Monument Street, London, E.C.3.

AGENTS and House-to-House Canvassers. Wonderful new 6d. line. Sells at sight. Big profits. Send 3d. for sample and terms.—PENN, Dept. X, 682, Holloway Rd., London, N.19.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS. — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening FREE employment Dept. CALL (9-7) or write. THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 6, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W. (Corner Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House).

BEGINNERS & Traders free w'sale Catalogue, any quantity supplied.—Empire Hosiery Co., Empire House, St. Martin's-le-Grand, E.C.1.

POLICE RECRUITS. Commencing pay now £2 15s. per week rising to £4 5s. 9d. Ages 19-27. Height over 5 ft. 9 in. Those interested in joining should send for free details of entrance requirements of City, County & Borough Forces from B.T.I., 29b, Oxford St., London, W.1.

BUY British Hosiery w'sale to sell again. 60% profit. Any quantity. Cat free.—Trunit Hosiery Co., Textile Exch., St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.

CIVIL SERVICE. For details of openings, age limits, salaries, entrance Exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15 upwards), write for free Handbook to B.T.I., Dept. 311, 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

EARN £3 to £8 weekly as Book-keeper, Secretary or Salesman. Rapid Postal Courses 10/- month. Unique Tuition offer. Employment Bureau. Booklet free.—London School of Commerce (D.54), 62, Oxford Street, London.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commence about £4 10s. Age 17-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T., 29k, Oxford St., W.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. Advertisements inserted in 50 Provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/6. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus 60.—Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 6113.)

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads from 3/6. Handbills, Cards, Posters. Equally as Cheap. Samples free.—Pearsons, Church Rd., Portsmouth.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 2/9 per 1,000. Samples of printing for all trades sent for 3d. postage. Meads, Room 60, Sandy Beds.

ADVERTISE YOUR SPORTS, Shows, Fetes, Rallies, with pictorial posters. Catalogue free.—Stafford & Co., Ltd., Netherfield, Nottingham.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1¼ lb. 4/6, for Socks, etc. Grey Heather, etc., 3/4 lb., post free. Patts. Wools, Serges, Tweeds. Egerton Burnetts W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPERS. Specially selected Free Book Wallpapers will cover your requirements.—Eclipse Wallpapers, Shields Road, Newcastle-Tyne.

LEATHER FOR BOOT MENDING. Finest Butt Leather, Puritan Brand. Trial parcel post free 5/-. Cash and return postage if dissatisfied.—CHRISTIE, Wellington Bldgs., Strand, Liverpool.

WALLPAPERS. The Wonder Book of Patterns Post Free. Over 100 new designs plainly marked at bargain prices. All papers English made. Write for your copy to the original mail order firm, Blakey, Morris & Co (London), Ltd., Dept. J.B., 55/56, London Rd., Elephant, S.E.1.

DANCE NOVELTIES & ADVERT. BALLOONS. List Free.—NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES (Dept. 19), 228, Mile End Road, LONDON.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 30s.
Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WALLPAPERS, from Mills, from 2½d. roll. New designs, Patterns, post free.—Osborne Mills (Dept 5) Rochdale Rd., Manchester.

ALL BRITISH TENNIS RACKETS, 15/9 each. Worth 25/-. Balls 10/3 dozen. Post free.—Tedsons, 59, Blackfriars Road, S.E.1.

HIKERS' KHAKI DRILL SHIRTS, latest zip-fastener front, breast pockets, 6/- post free.—CONI, 145, High Holborn, LONDON.

TRI-NOLEUM for Floors, wears three times as long as ordinary Lino. 3/- brings 108 sq. ft. Send coupon on page 3 for Free Pattern Pieces and Easy Terms Order Form.

1/- RUG BOOK AND SAMPLES FREE. A p.c. to READICUT WOOL CO. (Dept. J.B.), Ossett, Yorks, brings it.

A FREE PAIR OF GREY FLANNEL TROUSERS with every Super-Tweed Suit which can be obtained for 2/6 down, is offered by JAS. BEST on page 16. Send for free patterns and further particulars.

DO not overlook the remarkable GILLETTE offer on page 31. A GILLETTE RAZOR in a case, a large tube of GILLETTE SHAVING CREAM and 3 new GILLETTE BLADES, all for 2/6. If any difficulty in obtaining, send remittance to the firm, whose address appears in the advt.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA Wholesale. A good 2/- Tea, 10 lb. for 12/6 Carr. Paid. Sample Free. Also 10 lb. 8/6. SIZER, 182/84, Roman Road, BOW, E.3.

GREATLY INCREASED FIRST PRIZE £150

TRY 'PASSING SHOWS' NEW 10-MINUTE CONTEST

FOR EIGHT WORDS ON COUPON BELOW

SECOND PRIZE £25

ADDITIONAL AWARDS OF MERIT FOR NEXT BEST ENTRIES

HOW TO WIN THIS INCREASED PRIZE

You are given a "Pass-Words" Clue and a line of letters. You strike out with your pen the surplus letters, leaving the rest to spell out in proper order the "Pass-word" which correctly answers the Clue. For instance, here is a clue and a line of letters:—

Clue	Letters to form "Pass-word"
COLOUR:	BLAUCEK

All you do is this—strike out the unwanted letters and there is your "Pass-word":—

BLAUCEK

The solution, you see, is "BLUE"—and you see how easy it is to find. Now try your hand at this week's eight "Pass-words." A FEW STROKES WITH YOUR PEN ON THE COUPON BELOW AND THE GREATLY INCREASED FIRST PRIZE OF £150 MAY BE YOURS!

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

(1) The First Prize of £150 will be paid by "Passing Show" for eight correct or nearest correct "Pass-words" in one list, corresponding to the solution of the Editor of "Passing Show." The Second Prize of £25 will be paid for the next nearest list received. Prizes divided in the event of ties. Awards of Merit for next best entries. (2) Entry-fee for one double-entry coupon (two lists) is SIX PENCE. Extra entries on plain paper—additional SIX PENCE for each two lists. Make P.O. payable to "Passing Show" cross it "and Co." add your name and address on back, also P.O. number on coupon. Stamps not accepted. Entries must be sent by post. (3) The coupon must be completed in ordinary ink and each Clue answered as directed. No alterations allowed and no responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid. No correspondence entered into. (4) Entrants are required to accept the published result of the double searches as final. Failure to comply with any Rule involves disqualification. The decision of the "Editor of "Passing Show" is final and legally binding and entries are accepted only on this condition. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Pass-words" No. 8 "Passing Show," Room J.B., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

RESULT The solution and chief winners will be published in "Passing Show," on sale Friday, June 10th. Prizes dispatched same day.

—CUT ALONG THIS LINE—

PASS-WORDS No. 8. *Use this Coupon—Closing Noon, Friday, May 20.*

CLUES	GIVE SOLUTIONS BELOW—TWO LISTS FOR 6d.	
1. Shy	RESEARVED	RESEARVED
2. Let in	ADMOIT	ADMOIT
3. Used to cross stream ...	FEBROIRDGEY	FEBROIRDGEY
4. Clippers	SHEIARPS	SHEIARPS
5. Doesn't always run smoothly	OLORIFAVER	OLORIFAVER
6. Uniform	ALIVKERY	ALIVKERY
7. Cheer	SHOOMUFOARET	SHOOMUFOARET
8. Main...	SLEAMDINGHT	SLEAMDINGHT

I enclose P.O. No..... value ..... (crossed "and Co." and made payable to "Passing Show") and I agree to Rules as announced.

Signed.....
Address.....
.....
J.B.

EXTRA ENTRIES ON PLAIN PAPER — TWO LISTS FOR SIXPENCE

A SMARTLY CUT British-made Flannel Suit for 2/- deposit and a Free Gift to every purchaser. This remarkable offer is made by Messrs. Ambler, Price & Cole, Ltd., whose interesting announcement appears on page facing

CYCLISTS! Fit Exo Tyres and defy punctures. Trial price 3/11 only. See advertisement in *John Bull's* "SHOP WINDOW," page facing.

IF you would like further particulars of the PIPCO "SHARPEX" RAZOR BLADE SHARPENER, as advertised, send to the firm for a leaflet, or see it demonstrated at any of the Stores mentioned in the advt. on page 31.

CYCLISTS! Turn to the "EVER READY" offer on page 23. This famous lamp is wonderful value for 2/6. Don't delay, send for one now by filling in the coupon and enclose remittance.

TEA.—Buy Direct—save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon, specially blended 4 lb. 4/8, 10 lb. 10/-. Tea Dust, 10 lb. 6/-. Carr. pd. PORTWAY TEA CO., 72, Portway, West Ham.

DRESS.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-. 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers send 2/- for parcel on approval (bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

EVERY WOMAN should read the bargain announcement of Messrs. Ambler, Price & Cole, Ltd., centre of page facing. Better value is unobtainable.

FREEMANS CASH OR CREDIT

CELEBRATED SPARE TIME AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT.
Enquiries for Agency Invited.
LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES & Radiograms. How to make cheaply. Motors 7/6, Kits, parts or sets, 64-pp. ill. drawings 3d. Regentbuilt, 120, Old St., Ldn. EC1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most virulent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy. 1/3, 3/-, Boots', etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Spl. 3d.

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT is a sure and quick way of banishing all head pests. At the same time it adds lustre to the hair and improves its growth. Thousands of families have proved its effectiveness during the past 50 years. Sold in boxes, 4d. and 8d., from all good Chemists, or by post, 5½d. and 9½d.
RANKIN & CO., DEPT. "G," KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, Psoriasis and all Skin Complaints permanently cured as if by magic by "Varenecose" Ointment in record time. Sent under written No Cure No Pay Guarantee. Send for 3/- trial size, or call or write TO-DAY for generous FREE SAMPLE, Booklet and Medical Press Opinions. — LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL CO., LTD. (Dept. N.P.), 12, Mortimer Street, London, W.1. Plymouth branch: 4, Athenæum Arcade.

HEAVY Smokers can ease off their cigarettes, pipes or cigars by using "Easoff" (Patent 343,242), the tonic chewing gum. Month's supply 3/- post paid and particulars of money-back scheme if you get a chemist to stock "Easoff" from D. H. MOORE, M.P.S., Ashcombe Pharmacy, WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

PSORIASIS, ECZEMA.—Our New Scientific Remedy kills these irritating Skin Diseases completely while you sleep. Immediate relief. Send for Free Booklet, Ridalex (Chemists), Ltd., Dept. J., 242, Lytham Road, Blackpool, S.S.

A GENEROUS sample of WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER for babies which breaks up wind, promotes digestion and restful sleep, will be sent to readers filling in the coupon in the advt. on page 30.

DEFINITE reasons why "OVALTINE" stands supreme and why it should be used in every home for maintaining health and vitality, are given in the advt. which appears on page 12.

WRITE to the New Era Treatment Co., Ltd., for a free sample of "ELASTO," the new treatment for Leg Troubles and Circulatory Diseases, together with a special free booklet. The address will be found in the advt. on page 14.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return.—Bentley & Co., 10, New Bond St., London, W.1.

ANY Kind Old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bells, Headrow, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RATS CANNOT ESCAPE THE FATAL EFFECTS OF RODINE. THEY LIKE IT, EAT IT AND DIE. RODINE NEVER FAILS. 7½d. AND 1/3, ALL CHEMISTS, OR RODINE WORKS, PERTH (POST 3d. EXTRA).

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS.
YOU can't stop eating them
All Sweet Shops

£100 PRIZE CONTEST. For details see ARMOUR'S CORNED BEEF advt. on page 22. A label from a tin of Armour's Corned Beef or Ox-Tongue will bring a free entry form, free copy of a song, and a 6d. recipe book. When writing, be sure to address: Armour and Co., Ltd. (Dept. 10), Armour House, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1.

FOR a sample box of DR. WATSON'S TONIC STOUT send 9d. to the Birmingham Food Supply Co., Ltd., Victoria Works, Birmingham, mentioning *John Bull*. The advt. appears on page 28.

FREE. £50 first prize and hundreds of other cash prizes are offered by the proprietors of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE for the best last line to the Limerick appearing in the advt. on page 25. Read conditions carefully and send in your entry now for this simple competition. Note closing date, May 27th.

FREE. Women readers can obtain a package of "NEW-VEET" by sending 3d. in stamps to cover postage, etc., to the address in the advt. on page 16.

A DE LUXE Beauty Outfit, containing popular shades of TOKALON POWDER, SKIN FOOD, etc., will be sent to readers enclosing 3d. in stamps. The address appears in the advt. on page 32.

FREE. A copy of the "SUN-MAID" RECIPE BOOKLET, as offered in the advt. on page 21, awaits every reader who simply sends a postcard to Dept. J.B.9, Producers' International Sales Association, Ltd., 59, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3. This excellent book contains nearly 100 recipes. Every mother and housewife should send for a copy.

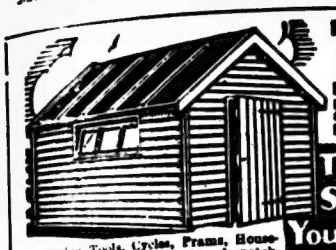
WRITE to NESTLE'S GIFT DEPT., Silverthorne Road, Battersea, S.W.8, for their Free Gift Book, which shows a range of useful Gifts given in exchange for coupons from NESTLE'S CHOCOLATE. Mention *John Bull* when writing. One of the Gifts is illustrated in the advt. on page 25.

SLIMMING is a simple matter. The Marmola Company will send a two days' sample and a free booklet to readers filling in the coupon in the advt. on page 29.

£1,175 IN PRIZES. 1st, £100; 2nd, £50; 3rd, £25; 1,000 of £1, for a simple forecast. Three 1d. packets of "BEECH-NUT" Mint Chewing Gum qualify each entry. For further particulars and coupon turn to the "BEECH-NUT" advt. on page 29.

THE L.M.S. on page 16 offer a suggestion for a holiday in NORTH WALES. Send for special booklet, post free 3d., or a comprehensive Resort and Apartments Guide can be obtained, post free 6d., if you write to the Co.'s head office in London, mentioning *John Bull*.

POST your films to W. R. ROSE, whose advt. appears on page 31. Write for illustrated list "J.B."



FROM 5/6 Per Month DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT

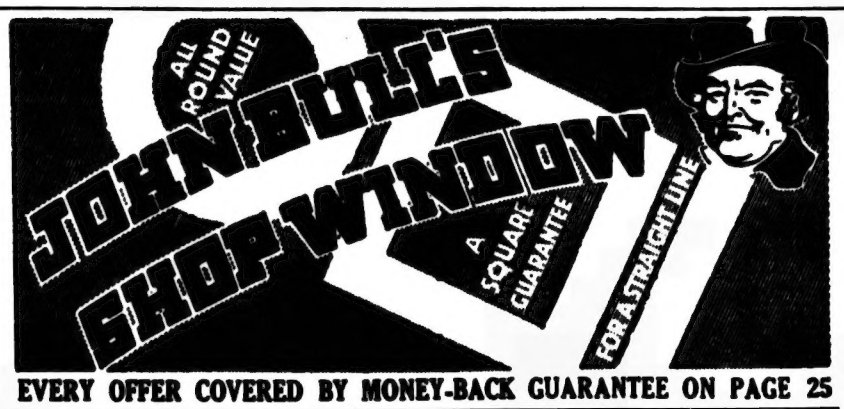
THAT SHED You Need

For storing Tools, Cycles, Prams, Household Goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Carriage paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections, strong planed, moulded, rebated weatherboards. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash	or 6 Payments	or 12
6 ft. x 4 ft.	x 6½ ft.	—	£3 0 0	10/6	5/6
8 ft. x 6 ft.	x 6½ ft.	..	£4 11 0	15/11	8/4
10 ft. x 7 ft.	x 7½ ft.	..	£6 7 6	22/4	11/8

BIG CATALOGUE of Portable Buildings Free.

F. & H. SUTCLIFFE, LTD., 82, Wood Top, Holden Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms, 40-42, Oxford St.



EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 25

UNPUNCTURABLE TYRES 3/11

THOUSANDS SOLD AT 8/6

Punctures defied. A masterpiece of tyre construction. Made by new Hydraulic Process—50 per cent. more mileage guaranteed. Shoals of testimonials. TRIAL PRICE 3/11. Post 7d. Two for 6/3, post paid. State size.

Money back terms.

Send for FREE catalogue of Cycles and Parts. 5/- in the £ saving.

Guaranteed Two Years. *Trade enquiries invited.*

MOORHOUSE'S, Dept. 89 PADIHAM, Lancs.

"READICUT" RUG WOOL

SPECIAL OFFER BLACK 6-PLY Clearing Line 9d. PER LB.

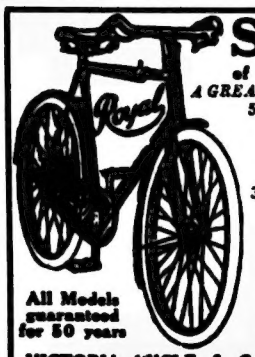
Send a postcard for

1/- RUG BOOK & SAMPLES FREE

including 12 coloured Rug designs, Wools, Canvas, etc. 6 fold and Cable in Black and 80 shades.

READICUT WOOL CO.

Dept. J.B., OSSETT YORKS.



SALE! of ROYAL Cycles. *A GREAT OPPORTUNITY*

5-Guinea Models for 59/6 (or 5/9 monthly)

3-Speed Model de Luxe for 79/6 (or 7/6 monthly).

Numerous other models at similar reductions.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

All Models guaranteed for 50 years

VICTORIA CYCLE & CARRIAGE CO., (Dept. G.180) 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1

THE MARVEL HUT FROM £1

Substantially constructed, the four sides and roof in complete sections, ready to screw together. Strongly framed and covered with ⅝ in. planed, rebated and moulded weatherboards. Door hung on strong hinges, complete with necessary fittings, windows as illustrated, complete with glass, and roof covered with good felt, making all thoroughly waterproof. Complete with screws, easily erected by any handy man.

On rail ex. works.

Length.	Width.	Height.	Usual Price.	Reduced Price
4 ft.	4 ft.	6 ft. 6 in.	£2 2 6	£1 6 6
5 ft.	4 ft.	6 ft. 6 in.	£2 7 6	£1 5 6
6 ft.	4 ft.	6 ft. 6 in.	£2 12 6	£1 10 6
7 ft.	5 ft.	7 ft. 0 in.	£4 2 6	£2 10 6
9 ft.	6 ft.	7 ft. 0 in.	£4 17 6	£2 15 6
10 ft.	6 ft.	7 ft. 0 in.	£6 5 0	£3 15 0

Greenhouses, Poultry Houses, Rustic Houses, etc. *Illustrated List Free.*

BATH'S 3-7, SOUTHAMPTON ST., STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

SLIM SAFELY

WITHOUT MEDICINE OR EXERCISE IN A Beasley REDUCING BELT—SUPPORTER

for MEN and WOMEN

This belt slips on over the hips and instantly conforms to the outline of the figure. No fasteners, no straps, no lacing. An excellent general purpose belt for either sex. Ideal for reducing obesity. Ensures fitness and support. Made of stout woven Elastic Webbing. 4 suspenders fitted to women's model. Money refunded if unsuitable.

9 inches deep.

Send p.o. now to

BEASLEY BELT DEPT. 208A, 26, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2.

NOW REDUCED FROM 6/11 TO 4/11

11 inches deep 5/11. Super quality 8/11. Fine quality silk elastic 12/11. Sizes 36-44—6/- extra on all.

Send for FREE Booklet of Belts for Men and Women.

With each Bale a lovely Down

QUILT FREE!

2 Woolly Blankets	72x90
2 Strong Sheets	90x90
2 Pillow Slips	20x18
1 Bolster Case	22x18
1 Artistic Bedspread	80x90
2 Good Glass Cloths	
2 Turkish Towels	
1 Damask Table Cloth	
1 Lady's Overall	
1 pr. Art. Silk Stockings	
2 Shamois Polishers	
1 Pretty Cushion Cover	
3 Dainty Handkerchiefs	

CARR. FREE. 20/- CASH or C.O.D.

Money back guarantee

£250 Free Insurance for every Customer.

PRINCESS BEDDING CO., Dept. G.A. 189, Princess Street, Manchester.

Smartly cut British made FLANNEL SUITS *Less than Sale Prices*

only 2/- Deposit

Positively To-day's Greatest Bargain in Flannel Suits.

Smartly cut in high-grade British made Union Flannel of fashionable medium grey shade, fully shrunk and tested for wear. Faultlessly tailored in double-breasted style. Coat half lined with breast pocket outside and trousers are generously inside, side pockets, cut with good pleats, side straps, big and side pockets. Suits have been inspected by representative of "John Bull" and are genuinely worth 35/-. Our price 29/- only. Send NOW only 2/- and 9d. for postage, and have Suit on approval. If satisfied remit balance of 29/- within 7 days, or return Suit unworn and we will refund your deposit. All sizes up to 42 in. waist. O.S. 2/6 extra. When ordering give waist, chest and inside leg measurements.

FREE Three fine quality pocket handkerchiefs, fancy borders, neat designs, to every purchaser.

Watch our Advertising—it will pay you!

AMAZING VALUE IN MEN'S HOSE

In most pleasing fancy designs in silk with extra strong tops, heel and toe, all colours and sizes. A really smart sock. Wonderful wear. Honestly worth 1/6 a pair. Only 2/6 for 3 pairs, post 3d., or 6 pairs 5/-, post free. State size and colour when ordering.

THREE PAIRS 2/6 POST FREE

Money back if not satisfied.

The very latest Ladies' Silk Knitted Sleeveless Jumpers, in adorable designs of Blue, Green, Black and Grey, and contrasting colours, welted waist. Not seconds, but perfect goods and honestly worth double.

OUR PRICE 1/11½ POST 3d.

No. 1. Fashionable Court Shoe in Sue Canvas, with the smart Spanish heel. In most becoming shades of Green, Beige and Blue. Beautifully made. All sizes 3-7. Worth 6/11.

ONLY 4/11 POST 6d.

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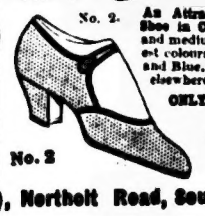

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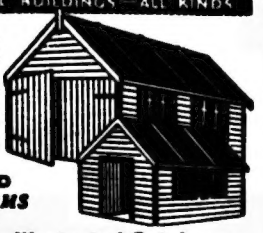

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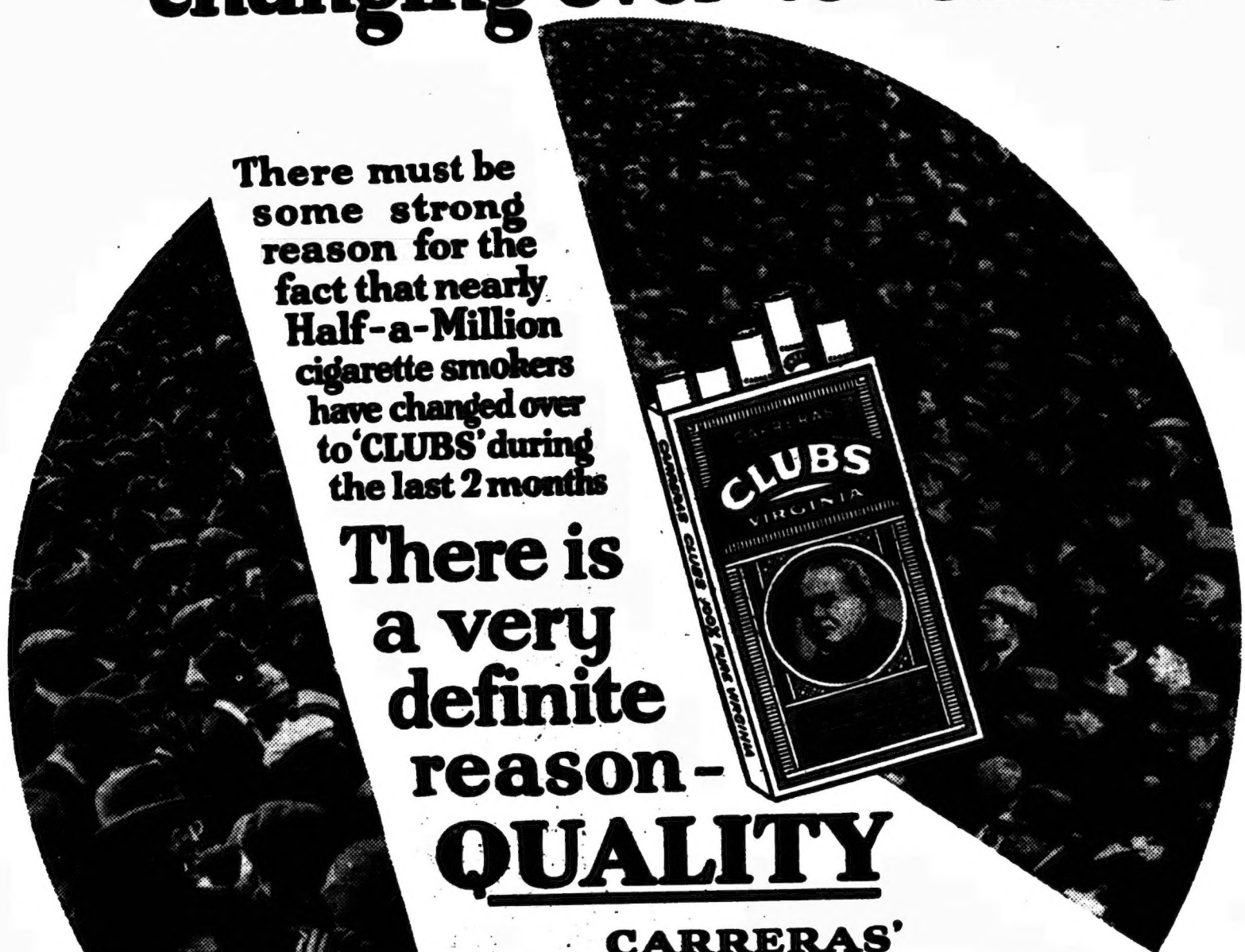

There must be some strong reason for the fact that nearly Half-a-Million cigarette smokers have changed over to 'CLUBS' during the last 2 months

There is a very definite reason—

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are better in every way than the ordinary 5 for 2D cigarettes

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WHAT'S YOUR IDEA, BISHOP!

THESE are difficult times for the Church. Congregations are small and counter-attractions numerous. Faith in orthodox religion has been somewhat undermined, alike by the pronouncements of scientists and the ambiguity of Christian leaders.

Clergymen no longer wield the influence they did—either in the pulpit or out of it. They have to face better educated, harder-bitten and more critical congregations.

And, because there is less conventional veneration for "the cloth," it has become all the more necessary for every clergyman to win respect as a man.

Our sympathies are definitely with the Church and with every sincere worker in the great field of enlightened Christian activity.

For that very reason we deplore the squabbling, the washing of dirty linen, and the wholly pagan antagonisms which are doing so much damage to the cause of the Church in many districts.

The case of the Vicar of Lumb is a case in point. The sordid, half-laughable, half-pathetic story of the three-years-old quarrel between this vicar and his flock has been given every publicity and will not do the Church any good.

"Unblemished"!

ONE might, however, have dismissed this stupid wrangle in a Lancashire parish as relatively unimportant had it not been for the astounding rider added to its findings by the commission of inquiry (all prominent Churchmen) set up by the Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Guy Warman.

Churchmen and non-Churchmen are equally bewildered by it. In effect, the members of the Bishop's commission found that—

The Rev. T. Caleb, Vicar of Lumb, has wilfully defaulted in the performance of his duties as deacon and priest.

Upon an occasion he addressed his parishioners as "scum."

But, they declared in a rider—

They are unanimously satisfied that "there is not the slightest blemish" upon the personal character of Mr. Caleb "as a Christian."

It is difficult to comment in moderate terms upon such an amazing conclusion.

Let us, for the moment, content ourselves with the statement that, if the Bishop's commission really believes that a vicar may call his parishioners "scum" without blemish to his Christian character, then it will find very few modern Churchmen to agree with it.

We hold the opinion that *any* man who regards his fellows as "scum" is un-Christian.

When he holds and expresses such views as an ordained clergyman, he is something worse than un-Christian: he becomes, by example, an enemy to the cause of his own Church.

Another problem awaits your attention, Bishop.

We should like to know how the Bishop of Manchester's commission would define a "Christian."

Would they measure Christian conduct by the foot-rule of the Thirty-nine Articles or by the supreme test of the Sermon on the Mount and the example of Christ Himself?

Let us, in all reverence, recall that Christ was a "friend of publicans and sinners," a champion of the oppressed, a messenger of comfort and hope to the masses.

And, when He was moved to righteous indignation, that indignation was directed against the scribes and pharisees—the self-righteous ones who looked down upon the common people as "scum."

The Bishop's commission, in addition to its strange tribute to Mr. Caleb's Christian character, also found that he is a hardworking and zealous priest.

But zealous in what cause; hard-working to what end? He has, in actual fact, set his congregation by the ears and brought about a scandal which has spread far beyond the confines of his parish.

Priest—and Man

WE recognise with reserve that a good clergyman is a public servant and one who richly deserves his often inadequate stipend.

But we deny emphatically that any man *can* be a good clergyman unless he can earn the respect and liking of his parishioners.

Hard work by itself, the strict performance of routine duties and so on, does not necessarily make a good business man, and still less need it make a good Christian worker.

Tact and enterprise and human understanding—that broad Christian charity without which all other virtues are sterile—are essential to success as a clergyman.

The Vicar of Lumb has alienated many of his congregation, and, to that extent, he has been unworthy of his office. What is more serious is that he may have alienated many people from the Church itself.

We do not believe that there are many clergymen like Mr. Caleb. If there were they would be preaching in almost empty churches.

There are not, we hope, many Churchmen who share the extraordinary views of the Bishop of Manchester's commission. If there were, there would be such an exodus from the Establishment as has never been known.

Frankly, we should like to know whether the Bishop himself believes that a clergyman can call his fellow-creatures "scum" and still have an unblemished character as a Christian.

He has "sacked" the Vicar of Lumb, but what does he think of his Commission's rider?

Hundreds of thousands of church-goers will eagerly await his answer.

Now, Bishop, what's *your* idea?

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER...

Get to Grips with the Rent Profiteers!

THE Government is gaining no supporters by its repeated delay in putting into operation the Rents Restrictions Bill.

Its lame excuse that it has no time for it will convince nobody. It is able to push its emergency decrees through in a few hours. It should do the same with this urgent measure to prevent profiteering from going on when working-class houses are decontrolled.

Emergency case

Sir E. Hilton Young, the Minister of Health, should at once impress upon his colleagues that this Bill is an "emergency case."

Only the other day Darlington's borough accountant gave instances of rapacious landlords who had quadrupled rents of decontrolled houses.

And the same thing is going on all over the country. The Government must wake up.

The assassination

The assassination of the French President by the Russian doctor Gouguloff, is a bad blow for the forces in France that were working for better relations with Russia.

There are sure to be Chauvinistic elements that will try to use the crime as a political weapon to stir up bad feeling with Moscow. The assassin was a Russian—and that is good enough for them.

In 1914 an assassination caused a World War. Thank heavens, we have progressed since then.

Victory for us

The report of the Committee set up to enquire into the conduct of private schools presses for proper supervision and inspection of these institutions.

As our readers know, this course has long been advocated in this journal.

It was after we had drawn attention to the evils existing in certain schools that a headmistress we named was arrested and sent to prison.

"No more unscrupulous people must be given the care of little children," we then said The Committee, since set up, endorses all our views. Perhaps something will now be done.

Troubled waters

The First Sea Lord, Admiral Sir Frederick Field, is likely to give up his post in the autumn, we hear, because he doesn't agree with the Government's naval policy.

If he does so, it is probable that Admiral Chatfield, who commands the Mediterranean Fleet, will succeed him.

Do they exist?

Why isn't Mr. Runciman more frank about the fifty factories which, he says, have been opened by foreigners in Britain during the last two months?

He ought to be able to say what and where they are, but M.P.s who ask for information are fobbed off with vague statements.

If Mr. Runciman withholds the facts, people will suspect that the factories don't really exist.

Blackmail traps

We are able to reveal that Scotland Yard detectives have been making enquiries about certain matrimonial newspapers.

There have been so many cases in which members of "friendship circles" and similar agencies have been swindled and blackmailed that it is certainly time this step was taken.

Law's new broom

At last we are to have cheaper and quicker law.

First to demand this reform and alone among the Press steadfastly to urge it, JOHN BULL'S plea is now not only granted but hailed as a public boon.

Some solicitors and litigants who wrongly profited by the cumbersome old machinery will certainly not like the new rules, but the legal profession as a whole welcomes them. They will attract new clients who could not afford the cost of the old tedious system.

Economy we like

We understand that the amalgamation of the Army officers' training colleges at Sandhurst and Woolwich is now being considered for reasons of economy.

This is a much better sort of economy than cutting soldiers' pay.

Not charity

When a man dies as a result of war service, his widow and children are not entitled to a pension if the marriage took place after he contracted the disability which caused his death.

At the British Legion's forthcoming annual conference a resolution will be proposed urging the Minister of Pensions to amend this regulation.

We hope he agrees, for this is not a question of charity, but of justice.

Stout heart

How many women would faint if confronted by an armed lunatic in a railway carriage?

Mrs. Mather, of Manchester, didn't. She pulled the communication cord, then, when threatened, calmly opened the door and walked along the footboard until the train stopped.

There's nothing wrong with Mrs. Mather's nerves.

Rogue

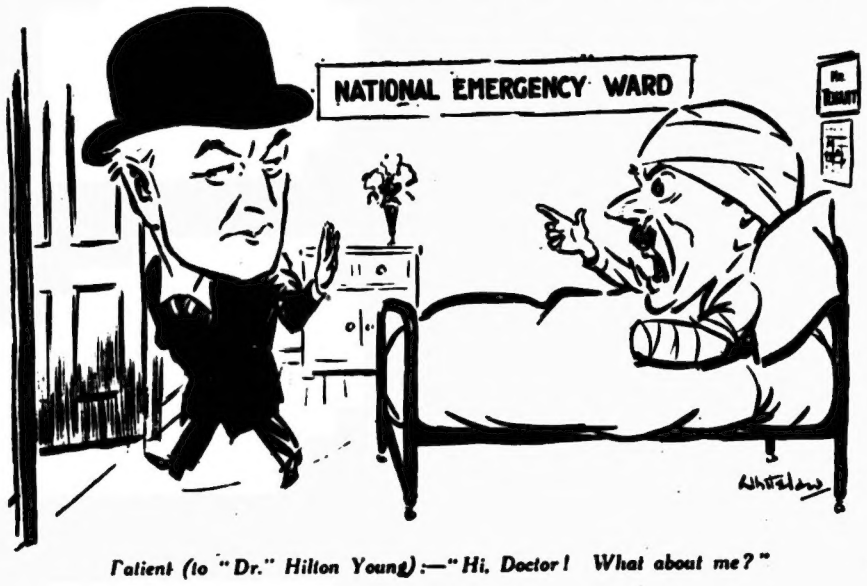
We recently denounced a rogue who defrauds landladies by posing as a representative of the British Legion.

He also displays equal impudence in borrowing the names of other people. In Southend, for instance, he passed as "Mr. A. Golden," which happens to be the name of a respected resident.

Elsewhere he has masqueraded as "R. White" and "S. Stanley," and, apart from the cruelty of his frauds, is causing endless annoyance to those whose names he so flagrantly misuses. He must be stopped.

A new First Sea Lord?

Another "John Bull" Victory



Patient (to "Dr." Hilton Young):—"Hi, Doctor! What about me?"

Words—and action, too

Actions speak louder than words, but Mrs. Baldwin is helping with both.

Following the plea she recently made in JOHN BULL for greater care of mothers, she has organised a garden-party at 11, Downing Street, the proceeds to go to a fund for aiding the maternity services.

He must act

The Home Secretary says he finds no ground for taking action in the amazing case of Mr. Leslie Smith, of Coventry, whose small tri-car collided with a big car in 1929, resulting in terrible injuries to Mr. Smith and his brother.

On the strength of most unsatisfactory evidence, Mr. Smith was later convicted and fined for dangerous driving. The brothers' costs now amount to £400.

As we said last year, this conviction must not be allowed to stand. We demand the Home Secretary's fresh consideration of the whole case.

Pat on the back

Our admiration and best wishes go to Lincoln's unemployed, who have repaired 7,000 pairs of shoes for poor children, made furniture for local institutions, and sent a large consignment of toys to youngsters in Wales—all without payment.

Now they have fitted up a machine shop where skilled men can "keep their hand in."

No excuse

When a farm labourer of Middleton, near Ilkley, pleaded guilty to an assault on a young schoolgirl he asked that the case should be dealt with summarily.

Rightly enough, the chairman of the magistrates retorted that the case was too serious to be dealt with in his court. But later he let the man off with a fine.

This isn't leniency, but sheer nonsense.

A scandalous summons

Rate officials of Otley, Yorkshire, should be thoroughly ashamed of themselves.

They summoned an old couple for non-payment of rates, though the people were living on their old-age pensions and trying to struggle along without poor relief.

We agree with the magistrates, who refused to make an order and declared the case should never have been brought.

Our warning justified

We are glad that Lancashire County Police have captured James Bell Marsdale, who has been swindling housewives all over England for the last two years.

His practice of selling worthless shares at 3s. a pound on the promise of a bonus—which was never received—from the "National Tea Company" has often been denounced in JOHN BULL.

Perhaps his sentence of six months' hard labour will teach similar scamps a lesson.

Excellent example

University students from all parts of the kingdom will work side by side with miners this summer to turn waste ground near Wrexham into children's playgrounds.

This is the spirit that will build a better Britain.

We said so

France is taking legal steps to prevent the importation of professional footballers.

This is what JOHN BULL warned of paid players against weeks ago.

Keep your cash

A long list of questions have to be answered by applicants for spare time work offered by Bush Agency, Ardarroch Road, Aberdeen, and a postal order for 1s. 3d. sent as a "guarantee of good faith."

Once again we advise readers to ignore such impertinent demands.

What a crowd!

Only two people were needed in the Passport Office in 1913, but it now employs a staff of one hundred and seventy.

It seems an enormous crowd to be engaged in such a cumbersome and expensive futility.

The moral

After a fatal accident in a Liverpool mill, it was the duty of the foreman, Henry Reid, to give instructions regarding the touching of moving machinery and to see that they were obeyed.

He was the first to disobey and the first to pay the penalty—with his life.

There's a moral to this tragedy.

Vandals

We are amazed at the disgraceful behaviour of visitors to Blenheim, the Duke of Marlborough's Oxfordshire seat.

A well has been stopped up with clay, thus cutting off the parish's water supply. Bridges have been damaged and notices and young saplings torn down.

We hope the Duke will not need to carry out his threat to exclude visitors should further damage be done.

Firm hand wanted

Victims are afraid to report cases of terrorism by a gang of youths in Barnsley, whose ages range from 17 to 20.

Chicago's gang warfare had small beginnings.

We hope Barnsley's police know this and will act accordingly.

Doorstep pests

So many complaints have been received by the London Gas Light and Coke Company that it is warning consumers not to buy gas appliances from unauthorised callers.

We know cases in which considerable sums of money have been paid by householders for useless "gadgets." Readers must be on their guard against these doorsteep dodgers.

To All Readers of
JOHN BULL
WATCH OUR COLUMNS FOR A DRAMATIC SURPRISE
Particulars will be announced shortly

A Great British Sport in DANGER

Motor-racing has made British engines the best in the world—it must not be allowed to die through lack of support

MOTOR RACING *is* DOOMED *unless*—

by THOMAS H. WISDOM

MOTOR racing is booming—on the face of it.

Record crowds at Brooklands, record speeds, and record publicity in the daily Press, the possibility of a road-race in Britain at last—all this seems to show that motor racing is at last catching the imagination of the great British public, just as it has for years been the premier sport of Italy and France.

But this is the truth—motor racing in Britain is dying. The big programme of races for 1932 is but the last gasp, unless something is done about it, and done quickly.

The truth is that motor racing does not pay the drivers. That is the real reason for its decline and fall.

In past years, many speed-kings (and some others who have not deserved that title) have made their living out of motor racing.

"How much will you pay me if I win this race?" the speed-king asked the manufacturers.

At first the fees were low. Then the "bonus" system got into full swing. Company after company joined in a great community game of poker, and payments mounted from hundreds to thousands. To remain in the game got more expensive as 1930 approached.

The "stars" were signed up for tremendous amounts. At the beginning of the season one "speed-king" would get a retainer of as much as £5,000 for merely agreeing to race. That was before he had ever even won a race.

A win meant a further "bonus" amounting to £25 for a small race to £1,000 for an important event.

The system worked well at first, and the various manufacturers were satisfied with the return for their outlay.

Then the "shamateurs" began to take a hand—the young men and women with perhaps a title or other means of notoriety. They took up motor racing and began to "sting" the suppliers for "bonus." The campaign could not stop—the manufacturers would not allow their chief competitor to sign up somebody who *might* win a big race.

The bonus system was at its height in 1927-28-29. One well-known speed-king was making £10,000 a year. Poor Parry Thomas, the greatest of all track drivers, left £6,500, a big motor business and a fleet of racing cars, when Speed finally beat him on the tragic stretch of sands at Pendine, South Wales. Yet he started with nothing.

The professional drivers—those who made their living out of motor racing—were worth it. It is the "shamateurs" who have killed the "golden goose." They demanded more than they gave in return.

The "bonus" system became a losing proposition—firms were paying out tremendous amounts and getting little or no return.

Those who cheat

ONE youthful driver induced an oil firm to give him a retainer of £600 last year. He won one race—and that an event of no particular importance.

Some of the drivers cheated. They agreed to run on a certain oil or spirit. They got paid for so doing—yet the oil or petrol in the cans was often something very different.

Admittedly few drivers did this. Nevertheless, the reputable companies were bound, sooner or later, to hear about it, and that was another thing which led to the death of the "bonus" system.

Last year the bonus-paying companies called a halt. Payments were reduced considerably. This year the big companies got together, and as a result the bonus system has practically disappeared.

Here is a case in point. A record attempt at which I was present in 1928 netted for three drivers some £700 profit—£700 for two days' work and a certain amount of luck, for this latter quality still plays the biggest part in motor racing.

This year on a far more strenuous attempt, involving about six weeks' preliminary work, the same three drivers, after all expenses were paid, had £30 to divide between them!

So it is left for the wealthy motor racers to keep the great sport going, and, unfortunately, the wealthy drivers of racing cars are, as a rule, not so good. They are not the type of driver the crowd wants to see.

There is not a single driver of the first class—the real "speed-kings"—who does not depend upon the manufacturers for financial assistance.

Decline and —?

LAST year the world's greatest race—the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy—was only saved when Lord Wakefield, that always generous benefactor of motor racing and speed bids, came forward and put up £1,500 prize money. That made the race "worth while" from the point of view of the world's finest drivers.

This season many famous names are missing from the entry lists of the big races. Last year the Junior Car Club had fifty-five entries for the Double Twelve Hour Race. For the same event next month there are but thirty-eight. There are few famous racers among them, and no foreign competitors at all.

Last year the world's greatest motor-cycle races, the Isle of Man "T.T." events, attracted 153 entries. Eighty-eight is this year's number.

Such is the story of British motor-racing's decline. What is to be done about it?

Look at the matter from the point of view of the motor industry. Britain has forged ahead, and we are now the second greatest motor-car producing nation in the world. It is our third largest industry.

We are selling cars overseas. In the last three months, one single firm has doubled its overseas trade—and that in a time of depression.

Motor-racing has helped in this development to an enormous extent. It has made the British motor-car the safest, the fastest and the most reliable in the world. And, even more important, motor-racing has been the industry's greatest advertisement.

Open that purse!

THE Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders is the big trade organisation to which every motor manufacturer belongs. That concern has ample funds lying idle. Why does it not support motor racing wholeheartedly?

In Italy the motor-racing firms are subsidised by the Government. That is too much to expect of our own Government in these times of national economy. But the S.M.M. and T. could keep motor-racing alive if it liked.

If £100,000 in prize-money were found for the big races held in Britain, it would put motor-racing on its feet. All our finest drivers would be seen at the wheels of cars again, new racing cars would replace the veterans that, through force of circumstances, still thunder round the track, and the foreigners would have to bring their teams over here for our races.

We can build the cars to beat the world in this game of speed, and we have the drivers. Let us do it—the cost is not so great after all.

There is no need to subsidise individual firms or drivers—that would lead to more abuse. But if there were big cash prizes for all the important British events, as I have suggested, then motor racing in Britain would go to great heights.

We should sell more cars—especially abroad. Tens of thousands of people would attend motor races where now there are only thousands. Foreigners would come to Britain.

It is all to the good that the bonus scandal is finished. But something has got to replace it.

Let the motor industry save motor racing!

THE SENTENCE I MUST ALWAYS

MR. WILLIAM H. WALLACE *a year ago this month had the sentence of death passed on him for the murder of his wife quashed by the Court of Criminal Appeal.*

But there is one sentence no court can ever repeal, and that is the life-long agony which the haunting memories of his dreadful ordeal will always impose on him . . .

Grim recollections of three fateful days from which, to the end, he can never escape.

"I stood with my violin beside the piano, above which hangs my wife's photograph. I closed my eyes and tried to make myself believe she was again occupying the piano seat . . ."

THERE can be no man or woman alive with three such dreadful anniversaries to endure year by year as have fallen to my lot.

Three awful, soul-shattering days. . . .

The day when I arrived home and found my dear wife murdered.

The day when I was sentenced to death.

The day when the Appeal Judges decided I was not to be hanged.

Terrible days these for a man to have in his calendar . . . to know that year after year till the very end they will come round and round again, and wrack his very soul with awful memories.

If ever for a moment I could imagine myself looking hopefully to the future, and expecting that one day life would turn to me its lighter side, as it does sooner or later to my fellow-creatures, the sudden thought of those dread anniversaries would quickly destroy the illusion.

Three grim milestones on my life's way. . . . And they pin me down like tombstones!

Two of these anniversaries I have already endured for the first time in the long cycle—the day of my wife's murder and the day of my death sentence.

The third will be with me in a few days. But though that day meant life to me, and the removal of Cain's brand from my guiltless forehead, nevertheless it is a day, like the other two, for me to endure, not celebrate.

The agony of that ordeal in the Court of Criminal Appeal has left a scar that the ultimate verdict in my favour cannot obliterate.

I remember only the mental suffering, my unjustifiable suffering. My innocence belonged to me all the time. When the judges handed it back to me they only returned something that I had been robbed of.

So you will understand why I shall find nothing to "celebrate" in that anniversary.

I cannot tell . . .

On that day, May 19, I should like, if my business permitted, to take the train to London and go to Kew Gardens—back to those flower-beds, so beautiful in the Spring, where I sought to obtain peace of mind that day a year ago, when my liberty was restored.

I drew strength for the future in those minutes when I stood gazing down on those fresh blossoming flowers—and so I should again.

As for the day of my wife's murder it is the day of all three that I cannot bear to write about. I would not like to harrow my readers' emotions with any description of my innermost thoughts and feelings when January 20 came round again this year.

Besides, I shrink from re-awakening my own sufferings while putting them into words.

It was on April 25, 1931, that I stood in the dock at the Liverpool Assizes and saw the black cap upon the head of Mr. Justice Wright.

When I woke on the morning of April 25 this year, almost before my eyes were open, the whole scene in detail flashed before me.

I seemed to see myself standing erect in the dock. I was all ready to step out into the street the instant, as I expected, the verdict "Not Guilty" was given.

How clearly on this April 25 did I recall it all—the grin on the face of the prison officer who led me to the dock as he noticed me, hat in hand. And his remark: "Optimistic, eh?"

It was all so vivid that I really believe I nodded again, just as twelve months before I had answered him with a nod!

Again I saw myself looking for the exit from the dock into the well of the court and thinking that I would take a taxi from the rank outside the building.

I felt once more the hush that descended on the court as the Clerk of Assize rose to ask the foreman of the jury for the verdict.

One of the solicitor's clerks rustled some papers. Here in my bedroom a year later, I heard that rustle distinctly again.

Condemned

The clerk coughed, a dry official cough, the preface to the dialogue that was to break my life. Every word of it echoed still in my brain from this day twelve months ago.

The Clerk: Do you find William Herbert Wallace guilty or not guilty?

Foreman of the Jury: Guilty.

Myself (*sotto voce*): Nonsense.

The Clerk: And that is the verdict of you all?

The Foreman: Yes.

The Clerk (to me): Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed according to law?

Myself: I am not guilty. That is all.

I see the judge again as he tilts up his blotting-pad and takes something from beneath it—a narrow oblong of black silk.

And the silly angle at which it is placed on his head.

I remembered how—in that great crisis of my life—I actually thought out an explanation for the absurd-looking way the black cap had been put on.

Mr. Justice Wright, I told myself, was not used to delivering death sentences. His experience was chiefly in big commercial lawsuits, involving insurance, banking, and the like.

And then once again I am listening to myself being sentenced to death. Yes, those words I am never likely to forget . . .

The sentence of the court upon you is that you be taken from this place to a lawful prison and thence to a place of execution, and that you be there hanged by the neck until you be dead . . . and may the Lord have mercy on your soul.

Someone, the judge's chaplain, I think, said "Amen." The word floated back through a year of time.

Another voice, rasping and commanding, spoke at my side. "Come on, Wallace. Down below."

I feel again the jab in the elbow. It is my escort.

His grin has gone.

Haunting faces

Once more, as on this April day a year ago, I heard from the gloom of the prison van the cries of the newsboys—"Wallace Verdict." . . . "Wallace to Hang."

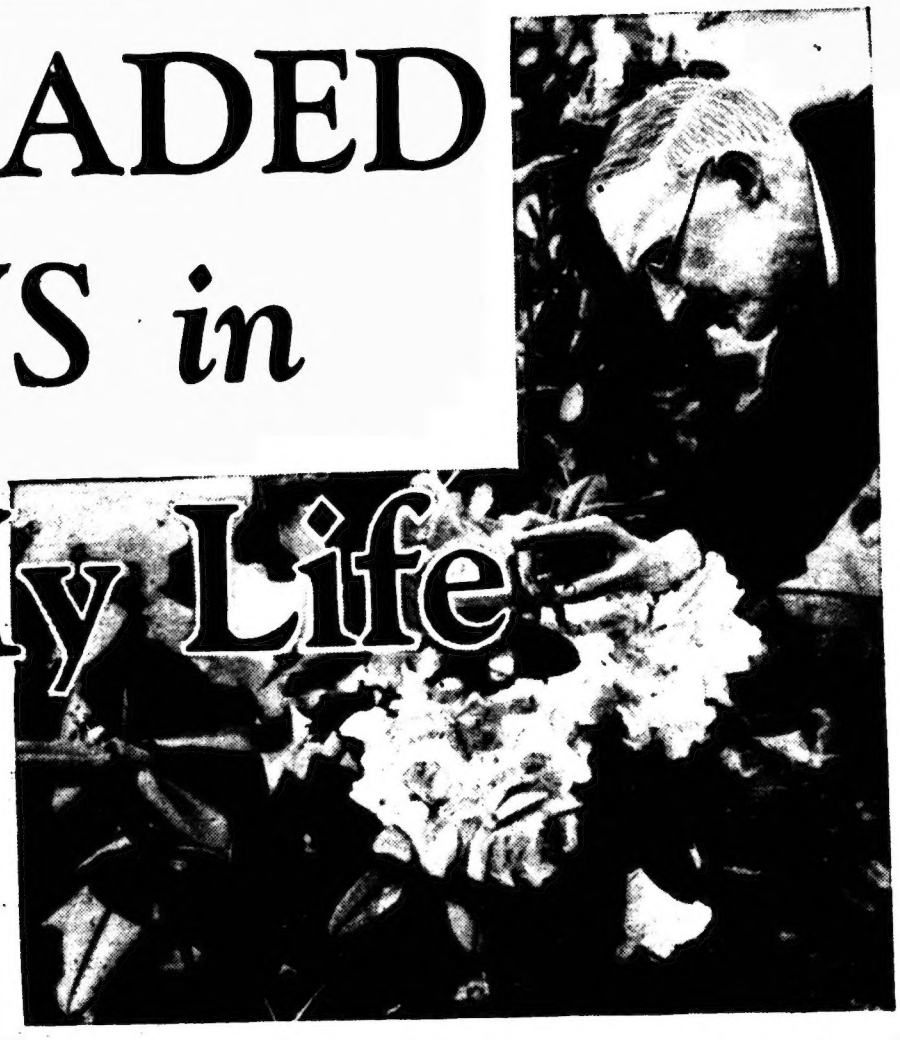
All these dreadful memories besiege me before I am out of my bed.

I hasten to dress, hoping to banish them. But the parade goes on.

I see clearly in the freedom of my bedroom the faces of the wa.ders of the death-watch at the condemned cell—the

SERVE—*by* The Man They Did Not Hang

Three DREADED DAYS *in* My Life



"On the day my liberty was restored . . . I drew strength for the future in those minutes when I gazed at those fresh blossoms . . ."

faces that will never leave me, day or night, till the end comes.

I see myself again playing chess with them. . . . I wonder—Do they still play chess? I taught them.

I go downstairs to prepare my breakfast.

Bacon and eggs! Why, it is the first breakfast they give to a man after he has been condemned.

Memory pounds viciously now. . . .

I see that first plateful of food again—all sliced and cut in tiny chips before it was served—and no knife or fork.

My knife and fork fall from my fingers. I bow my head over the table and press my knuckles into my eyes to shut out the vision of that meal in the condemned cell. I succeed. The vision passes—but only to give place to a worse.

Here is the governor in my cell, officially informing me of the day appointed for my execution.

And here I am trying to eat my eggs and bacon before going off to business!

I swing in pain like a buffeted puppet backwards and forwards between April, 1931, and April, 1932.

I left my breakfast on this anniversary day practically untasted and went to my office. As usual there were the frigid stares and glances at me on the journey.

I think that the warders in my condemned cell had much friendlier faces.

All that day I was oppressed by the shadow that the death sentence had set upon me twelve months before. I went back to my lonely home early.

Averted eyes

Crossing a busy street on the way to the station, I encountered a man with whom I had often transacted insurance business, and with whom and his family I had been for years on terms of real friendship.

I had not seen him since my release. I was ready for his greeting. But he dropped his eyes, and passed by.

Coming, as it did, at the end of such a trying day, that incident set my frayed nerves jangling again.

When I reached home I sank into my chair more dispirited than I had been for a long time. After a while I went to my bookshelves and took down my volume of the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius—a book that in the past had been my comfort on many occasions when I was out of joint with this world.

To me it is the Golden Book among all books. I have been steeped from boyhood in its teachings.

Balm that failed

I craved for it in my condemned cell—more than for food. By an unfortunate series of circumstances, it was the only book I wanted that I was unable to obtain during the month while I lay under sentence of death.

I hungered day and night for the consolation I should find in its pages. When sleep would not come, although I was mentally tired out, I used to think how just one page of Marcus Aurelius would soothe my mind and bring me sleep.

On this the first anniversary of my death sentence I again sought comfort in this old friend.

I turned the pages ravenously to find my favourite passages:

Not to be perplexed or dejected. . . .

Those who offend against one need pity not wrath. . . .

It should be a man's task to overcome himself and every day to be stronger than himself. . . .

At best suffer patiently if thou canst not suffer joyously. . . .

Whatsoever any man either doth or saith, thou must be good, not for any man's sake, but for thine nature's sake. . . .

I read them again and again, read them aloud to myself. But for once these interpretations of the Stoic philosophy were without the glorious balm that had so often healed my hurts.

"Whatsoever any man either doth or saith . . ."

Marcus Aurelius himself, who tasted the vicissitudes of life, never faced a year so full of bitterness as the one that has passed has been for me.

Be gentle and meek—refrain from all anger and passion. . . .

I closed my eyes and said every word of that passage to myself. I knew I must and shall ever be guided by it until the drama of my life is played out.

With the echoes of this passage still in my ears, I suddenly remembered my fiddle. Perhaps with the help of its strings I should be able to banish the memories that haunted me.

I had tried a number of times to recapture my interest in my violin playing, but always the sight of the violin-case brought back to me the horror of one evening.

Lost chord

It was the only other object I remember seeing when I stumbled into the sitting-room of my house in Anfield to find my wife battered to death.

To-night I wondered if the sympathetic voice of the violin might close the wounds which this anniversary date had reopened.

My attempt to play was useless.

I stood by the piano, above which hangs my wife's photograph. I closed my eyes, and, as I have so often done, tried to make myself believe she was again occupying the piano-seat and that I could hear her accompaniment beginning.

I chose a Beethoven sonata. My first chord quivered, broke and was lost. Violin and bow dropped limp in my hands.

I found myself staring at the photograph over the piano.

My anniversaries! Choking, scorching, soul-searing dates. . .

And they are mine alone among the whole of mankind!

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Compensations

A JOHN BULL reader asks me to give some guidance as to what to say to a person in the depth of despair and whom no attempt at consolation has yet been able to help.

This is not an easy question to answer, because nothing is said of the cause of the despair, and what would be good advice in one case would be useless or harmful in another. Also, people differ greatly in temperament, and what would appeal to a sanguine disposition would merely provoke a melancholic.

Oftentimes it is wise to say nothing at all—at least, for a time. The right moment will come later, when the first shock of grief has passed. Sympathy can be imparted by silence as well as by speech, perhaps better.

The expression "Job's Comforters" has become a proverb to denote persons who chatter too much to those in trouble, generally by saying, "I told you so," and making out that the trouble is the sufferer's own fault.

But we read in the Bible that Job's three friends sat by him for a whole week, sharing his sorrows without uttering a word. This was not a bad beginning, though they may have talked too much afterwards.

The Bible story says: "Now when Job's three friends heard of all this evil that was come upon him, they came every one from his own place . . . for they had made an appointment together to come to mourn with him and to comfort him.

"And when they lifted up their eyes afar off, and knew him not, they lifted up their voice and wept; and they rent every one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads toward heaven.

"So they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great."

* * *

There is an old English proverb which runs: "Bring not a bagpipe to a man in trouble." Windy talk is never of any use, and is more likely to drive a broken heart frantic than to do anything towards mending it.

Do something for your friend if you can when he needs to be taken out of his accustomed rut. Then wait for him to do the talking; it will be a relief to him when he is ready for it and knows that you are by his side.

As a rule, the first thing to do when a person is overwhelmed with trouble is to give him a chance to become tranquil. Action will often do this when words utterly fail. As soon as he is master of himself, and not before, you may do some good by suggesting compensation for his woe or ways for its ultimate relief.

Despair has been called the most self-centred of all the emotions, and so it is. While it is true that it is only those who have sorrowed themselves who can fairly sympathise with others' pain, yet there is a good deal of sorrow which is very selfish, and makes its bearers worse instead of better, harder instead of kinder.

When you come across that sort of sorrow, the only way to heal it is to bring its victim into living human contact with the wounds of the world. Only by escaping from himself can he be cured; if that fails, nothing will succeed.

Blighted affection, bereavement, family disgrace, are hard to console; and the way out for their victims is to enable them to feel that, despite everything, they are needed in the world. It is the best remedy of all.

Next week:

"THE BRAND I BEAR"

GOOD-BYE, AL, and Good Riddance!

HANNEN SWAFFER'S Open Letter to AL CAPONE

DEAR AL,—So, at last, the prison doors have clanged upon you and, for seven years at least—unless you graft someone else — you will sit in a cell, listening to the wireless, and work in a laundry about half as hard as some poor washerwoman, whose bedroom is not half as comfortable as yours.

You were a menace, not only to Chicago, but to the world. For petty imitators of you sprang up everywhere.

What is called Justice has caught you, at last. That means that, turning aside for a time from their usual job of arresting poor little people who stole because they were hungry, and who could not answer back because they had no friends, policemen have actually dared to surround you and put you in a cell.

We shall miss you, we must confess, all of us. Never since we were children have we read about anybody so interesting. You typified, in the minds of millions, just as Robin Hood used to do, and Dick Turpin after him, a man who could defy the machinery of the law and escape, make faces at it, grin and get away. We all have a sneaking regard for criminals who escape the law.

To us you were a combination of Nero and Mussolini and the King of the Cannibal Islands. You could play while other people suffered. You could boss all you saw. And you could swallow your enemies.

* * *

You were an Edgar Wallace story every morning and a Phillips Oppenheim novel every afternoon. We read of you with awe. You were the Derby Sweep and the English Cup and Old Moore's Almanack all in one.

Yet, although you provided us with all this daily excitement, you were, in America, such a curse, such an abomination, that we, in England, cannot understand why such a being as you was ever tolerated.

Men of Big Business sat in Chicago in their offices, controlling vast millions, gigantic trusts that spread their tentacles right across the continent, railways and oil combines. They were the Masters of the Earth, they thought.

But they had to pay you toll, or they could not do business. You made Booze wholesale—and you peddled it.

The Mayor was your pawn. The Church was your footstool. Police and judges were your slaves. And all because you had a gun.

In this country, somebody would have kicked you in the pants and told you not to be a naughty boy. Or you would have been laughed at and told to go home to your granny. Anyway, the first policeman who saw you would have run you in, and you would have gone to Wormwood Scrubs.

* * *

But, in America, where Money is so much a god that business men leave politics to grafters and thieves, people envied you. While you held a vast city in thrall, all the people who wanted to make a million themselves thought what a great man you must be if you could steal a million every week.

You are a warning to everybody who wants to be very rich, because you may remind him that, while he is making money, he is—well, perhaps, something rather like you, although not quite so spectacular.

Murderer though you are, arch-criminal though you have been for years, bully and braggart though we all know you to be, I, at least, pay you the tribute of recognising that what you did, you did openly and unashamed.

In other countries—yes, and in America, too — other people, like Kreuger, get rich by wholesale theft called share-dealing. They obtain control, either of shares or of businesses, buying them at less than their real price, and then retailing them to stupid people like me at much more than they are worth.

They do this, over and over again, every day, in full sight of everybody. It is perfectly legal and so they are thought respectable.

Yet, apart from the murders—and, even then, they never know how many people they have driven to suicide—it is quite as bad as anything you did. Yet we have made idols of some of them, and, before many years have passed, we shall have made idols of others.

The world will be no better for your imprisonment, in the sense that someone else will take your place. It is the System we have to change. The world will be worse because, whoever he is—and there may be hundreds of him—we shall have less to read about, now that you have gone to jail. You were News. You were Colour. You were Drama—yes, and Romance.

* * *

I wonder what a Martian would think of a civilisation in which when Lindbergh, the uncrowned king of America, lost his baby, and all the police had bleated, and all the forces of the law had been powerless for weeks, you, from a prison cell, actually tried to dictate terms to the President of the United States! And no one laughed!

What a world!

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

H.M. The QUEEN,
Buckingham Palace, S.W.1

YOUR MAJESTY,—You have received the first of the new Service medals issued by St. John Ambulance Association and the British Red Cross Society to their members for long and efficient service.

But for your long and efficient service in the cause of *all* good works there is no medal—only the loyalty of your people and the place you have in their hearts can express their feeling for you and the wonderful example you set to us all.

JOHN BULL.

The ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY,
Lambeth Palace, London, S.W.

YOUR GRACE,—You have told the Church of England Temperance Society that you are "increasingly suspicious of the influence of regulative legislation."

So am I. I hope Parliament will follow your suggestion for converting old public-houses into roomy, healthy, decent places of refreshment.

I have been advocating this for years.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. R. J. BOGGIS,
St. John's Church, Torquay

REVEREND SIR,—What the world calls a gentleman is very seldom found in the ranks of the Nonconformist ministry, you declare, adding that Church of England clergy are public school boys.

Whatever the world calls a gentleman, you are certainly not one. Gentlemen are not snobs. They would never be guilty, like you, of making a silly distinction between those who are Anglicans and public school boys and those who aren't.

JOHN BULL.

The CHAIRMAN,
Southend Bench

YOUR WORSHIP,—In fining a woman for selling tobacco after hours, you told her that though she refused to serve the county council's inspector until he assured her that it was "all right," she had no right to listen to the voice of the tempter.

That is not the point. There must be no official publicly paid tempters.

JOHN BULL.

TEXAS GUINAN, U.S., "Whoopee Queen": You are coming to Europe again, though turned back last year with your night-club girls. Don't bother to come here.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. O. ROBERTS,
Penygelli, North Wales

DEAR WILL,—Because you won a small prize in an Irish sweepstake, the Calvinistic Methodist Church at Blaenau, which you have attended all your life, has banned you from Holy Communion.

Yet you neither bet nor gamble as a rule, and only bought a sweep ticket for fun.

Try the chapel in the next parish, Will. The church that excommunicates a member for a little harmless fun isn't worth attending.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ISAAC FOOT, M.P.,
Secretary for Mines

DEAR SIR,—I welcome your generous tribute to the fine qualities of the miner.

As you say, he is an unrecognised hero of industry who takes his life into his hands for a pitifully small wage.

I hope some of the things you told the House of Commons about him will be borne in mind when the new mining legislation is being considered.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. CLARKE,
Adstock, near Buckingham

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—When a motor bandit attacked you, you pushed a bundle of postal orders down your dress and severely cut his face by breaking a glass bottle over his head.

I admire your pluck and hope it will be suitably recognised.

JOHN BULL.

JOHN AUBREY BICKLE,
Launceston, Cornwall

BRUTE,—Your horse had a raw wound on its back, and you dismissed a man who refused to drive it.

The Mayor of Launceston described the case as "very serious." I wish he had imposed a more serious penalty than a fine of £2.

JOHN BULL.

JOHN AMERY, London: If you can't become film producer without wanting a man to crash aeroplane to almost certain death, you'd better join unemployed. —JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. H. S. OULTON,
Metropolitan Police Magistrate

DEAR SIR,—When you said that counterfeit coining mostly affects poor people, you stated a truth too often overlooked. To the poor housewife, a bad piece of silver often means shortage of food for herself and family.

Luckily, counterfeiters are not very numerous, but their punishment should be heavy.

JOHN BULL.

VISCOUNTESS SNOWDEN,
Tilford, Surrey

DEAR MADAM,—The "Bright Young Things" you referred to in your appeal for invalid children seem to spend most of their time in making a nuisance of themselves. So I find it hard to share your belief that they are sound at heart and full of good gifts.

It's up to them to prove that by helping the suffering little ones. I hope they will accept your challenge.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. McTAGGART,
Dunfermline

DEAR MADAM,—You must be proud of the memory of your eighteen-year-old son George, who rescued from certain death a man overcome by sulphuric acid fumes in a railway truck.

His heroism cost him his life, and the Carnegie Hero Fund Trustees have awarded you a certificate and £50.

I second this appreciation of a very gallant act.

JOHN BULL.

OUR DAILY battlefield

The pedestrian must realise that the busy street is the "No Man's Land" of Peace—and just as dangerous

'by

A. G. GARDINER

EVERY day during the past three months eighteen corpses, slain by the motor traffic, have strewn the roads of this country. In the London area alone the daily toll of death was nearly four.

And that is the least part of the story. For every one killed, a multitude are maimed.

The death roll in London alone for the three months was 314, but the injured totalled 10,865—that is something like an average of five for every hour of the day and night. In the whole country last year the slain numbered 6,691; but the injured numbered 202,119.

These are appalling figures, whether we look at them in relation to the human suffering and sorrow they imply, or whether we think of them in relation to the vast social and financial loss to the community.

Massacre of innocents

They read like the figures, not of peace, but of war. They represent a casualty list far more formidable than that of the Boer War.

It was calculated at the end of the Great War that there was not a family in the land which, on the average, had not suffered some bereavement or mutilation in the struggle.

The time is not distant when it will be difficult to find a family who has not been stricken on the daily battlefield at home.

This monstrous waste of life and substance must be checked, and I rejoice to see that the public anger has found a vehicle of expression through the local authorities who have met at the Caxton Hall and called for drastic action.

It is fortunate that they had Mr. P. J. Pybus, the Minister of Transport, in the chair to listen to their indictment, and I do not doubt that they sent him away with a full sense that the rope, so to speak, is round his neck.

It is his department which must be held ultimately responsible for this daily holocaust, and it is his department which must stop that holocaust.

It can be stopped and it is a national scandal that it has not been stopped. If, as Sir Henry Piggott said at the conference, some disease or plague were to claim victims on this scale the whole medical faculty of the country would be mobilised to meet the situation and to find a remedy.

Why should this daily massacre be tolerated as if it were a sort of Egyptian plague inflicted on us by the divine anger?

No one wants to put the motor industry in grandmotherly fetters or to check its development. All of us are the beneficiaries of that great industry today. If we do not drive our own motor car, we are indebted to the public motor conveyances for services that have added enormously to the pleasure and convenience of life.

But there is no reason why those services should be purchased at the present extravagant price in life, limb and property. The motor, in spite of its infinitely greater speed, is so swiftly responsive to competent handling that relatively it should be much less dangerous to the public than the horse-drawn traffic of other days.

That this is so is evidenced by the record of the L.G.O.C. motor-'buses. They travel millions of miles in the course of the year through the most crowded thoroughfares in the world, yet there is hardly an occasion from one year's end to another on which a motor-'bus driver has been proved guilty of responsibility for an accident.

This remarkable fact is due to the care taken in the selection and training of the men and the thoroughness with which they have been indoctrinated with the philosophy of "Safety First."

If this standard of competence were general the casualties of the streets would be reduced from their present scandalous magnitude to the irreducible minimum that we ought to achieve.

It is true, of course, that a very high proportion of the killed and wounded of the streets is due to the fault of the pedestrian, both in the streets of towns and on the country roads. The crossing of streets anywhere and anyhow, in the midst of moving vehicles, is still deplorably common in London.

There is nothing like the severe regulation of the pedestrian that exists, for example, in New York. It was because he carried with him the irresponsible traditions of the London streets that Mr. Churchill had so narrow an escape from death on his recent visit to New York.

A coroner sitting at a recent London inquest declared that 90 per cent. of the accidents was due to the fault of the pedestrians. That I believe to be a grotesque over-statement of the fact.

Make them careful!

But the culpability of the pedestrian is undeniable in many cases, and one of the measures plainly necessary in the interests of the public itself is the adoption of much sterner regulations in regard to the crossing of the streets and aimless walking on country roads.

In this matter of drilling the new generation in a road sense and in the use of the streets the schools should play an important part.

One suggestion which has been put forward for the protection of the pedestrian in spite of himself is that the pavements should be fenced except at the prescribed crossings.

The idea deserves consideration, especially in regard to the notorious danger-spots of urban traffic, and an additional ground for the adoption of the idea is that it would put a very real obstacle in the way of the "smash-and-grab" motorist whose depredations are assuming alarming proportions.

But, when all is said on the pedestrians' share of responsibility, the fact remains that the real crux of the question is the control of the motorist.

After all, the careless pedestrian is mainly a danger to himself, but the reckless motorist is a danger to the community, and it is that danger which must be attacked.

The standard of speed which is reached in the London streets is too high. There is far too great a tendency to take risks, to cut round corners and to make a dash for crossings. In the country the removal of the speed limit cannot be said to have had anything but unfortunate results.

Indict the killers!

It is true that dangerous driving is not necessarily associated with high speed, but the existence of the statutory limit, even though it was widely ignored, served as a salutary check wherever traffic was considerable. It should certainly be restored.

But the most urgent remedy is a much severer administration of the law where reckless driving is proved.

There is a scandalous levity on the part of many magisterial Benches in regard to the offences of motorists, and juries, often more prejudiced in favour of the motorist than of the pedestrian, show a lamentable disposition to stretch the meaning of "accident" to cover what ought to be construed as "manslaughter."

Scores of motorists who have killed people in circumstances which should have involved their imprisonment for manslaughter have escaped punishment and even censure, and the effect of the repeated failure of the police to get a conviction in such cases is a direct encouragement to reckless driving.

Lord Buckmaster's proposal for the severe punishment of anyone who, having run a person down, adopts the criminal and cowardly course of driving on, should be adopted without delay, and Mr. Pybus should devise means for strengthening the law and enforcing its administration.

Not from the B.B.C.—*Miss Mickey Devine, of Earl Carroll's "Vanities," on*

The Girl who Slapped Carnera

YOU have read of the Woman Who Dared?
But I am the Woman Who Did!
All Paris stopped dancing and stared
At the feat of this Earl Carroll kid!
You've heard of Carnera, the guy
With a kick like a mule in his paw?
Well, my claim to fame
Is that I am the dame
Who punched the great sap on the jaw!

McCorkindale's hopes have been dashed,
And Phil Scott (I trust) has retired,
George Cook has been battered and bashed,
And now a new champ is required.
Well, I am the belle for the belt!
For purses and plaudits I pine!
And I guess this big Wop
Something nasty will stop
If he battles with Mickey Devine!

Yep, he sure will! But after the hiding I presented him with he'll probably decide that discretion is the better part of valour.

You see, I was introduced to Primo in a Paris restaurant, and I told him straight that I didn't like the way he had fought Maurice Griselle.

And what did he have to say? Tried to hand me the frozen mitt by announcing that he never argued with a woman! I guess it was that that riled me. It's a nice state of affairs when a Wop who has nothing to boast of except his wallop tries to come the high and mighty over a girl who has danced on Broadway!

I reckoned it was time the Dago boy was told where he gets off, so, exercising the "Devine" right of footlights queens, I let him have a right to the jaw and followed it up with a left to the chin.

• • •

You ask, Did it hurt much? Wal, I guess it hurt someone, for I don't mind telling you that my knuckles are still sore from those two blows.

And, believe me, Carnera was rattled. So much so that he nearly spilt the glass of mineral water he had in his hand.

Anyway, he didn't wait for the next round, but got up and left. Which shows that he must have felt groggy. So what's the use of folk saying that Primo probably doesn't even know I hit him and that if he gets to hear of it he may feel annoyed?

It's like he-guys, anyway, to try to rob a girl of credit. They argue that a man who hit Carnera would be entitled to consider himself a hero, but a girl who does so is far from being a heroine.

They are even trying to compare me with the actress who slapped Hannen Swaffer's face! But I guess there are various reasons for slapping faces and various ways of doing it.

Some girls I am sorry to say,
Will cut the most foolish of capers;
Their only idea is that they
Should get their names into the papers.
Indeed, I am told there're a lot
Who follow the grease-paint profession
Whose thirst for the limelight is not
Very short of a morbid obsession.

But I'm not a girl of this kind:
Who says that I am must be biased,
My actions are always refined,
My motives are always the highest;
Vulgarity sure gets my goat,
I can't abide anything shady;
So, all you smart guys kindly note,
I smacked Primo's phiz like a lady!

SO LOVELY, SO FASCINATING

These young stars

DOROTHY LEE (Radio Pictures) *says: "I am delighted with Lux Toilet Soap—it keeps my skin so smooth."*

They know their beauty need not grow old

Everyone loves them for their adorable youth . . . their unspoiled freshness. But, though still young, they are wise in the ways of guarding their loveliness for the years to come!

They know that smooth, perfect skin is the secret of true beauty, and, like all the famous stars, care for theirs regularly with Lux Toilet Soap. "It keeps the skin so smooth and fresh," they say.

Don't deny your skin this simple care. You'll love the rich, foamy lather of Lux Toilet Soap . . . the way it caresses your skin into fragrant smoothness. Try it for your bath or shampoo. All grocers, chemists and stores sell Lux Toilet Soap.

CLAUDIA DELL (Universal Pictures) *says: "Smooth skin is a most important asset to a screen star. To guard my skin I always use Lux Toilet Soap."*

LUX

TOILET SOAP

4d A TABLET

TL 322-312-65 A *LEVER* PRODUCT

There is nothing "just as good"

THERE are definite reasons why "Ovaltine" stands supreme and why it should be used in every home for maintaining health and vitality.

There is nothing haphazard about "Ovaltine." It is made by a highly scientific process which took years to perfect.

The nourishment it so richly contains is extracted only from the finest English malt, fresh liquid milk, and new-laid eggs from our own and selected farms.

"Ovaltine" contains no added sugar. Combinations of food substances containing a high percentage of sugar are not comparable to "Ovaltine." It would be easy to reduce the price of "Ovaltine" by adding a high percentage of sugar (costing 2d. to 3d. per pound), but this would not be compatible with the high quality it is necessary to maintain for "Ovaltine."

No more hygienic and better equipped factory exists than the "Ovaltine" factory. The manufacturers are by far the largest users in the world of malt, milk and eggs for the manufacture of a food beverage, and secure the highest qualities of these ingredients at the lowest possible prices.

Those who drink delicious "Ovaltine" obtain the best concentrated nourishment for health at the most economical cost.

'OVALTINE'

Tonic Food Beverage

Prices in Great Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

It is economical to purchase the larger size tins.

P822

ARREST *this* SMUGGLER KING!

CONSIDERABLE publicity has been given to the remarkable smuggling case which came before Mr. Bingley, at Marylebone Police Court, London, last week; but not a fraction of the full truth has been told.

It may be recalled that two brothers, Lionel and Albert Earle, were charged with conspiring to smuggle large consignments of uncustomed goods into Great Britain.

While they were dealt with appropriately, it will be most unsatisfactory if the case is allowed to close here, for the men who have had to face the music are mere pawns in the game.

It has already been made public that a mystery man named Lesser figured behind the scenes, and made his preliminary plans.

Who is this man, and what is the real story of his immunity?

In recent months he has passed in the alias of Franklin. It is true that he made the acquaintance of several confederates, including the Earles, when serving a sentence in Wormwood Scrubs Prison, but there was nothing casual in the encounter.

Adventurous spirits

Franklin purposely selected these men as being promising material for the sinister scheme he had in mind. They were young, adventurous and fairly well educated, besides being first offenders and therefore ready tools for the more experienced mentor.

Having selected his pawns, Franklin next took cunning advantage of the "association" privilege granted to prisoners at Wormwood Scrubs.

Under this, prisoners of certain grades are permitted, after serving a few weeks of their sentence, to talk at meals and to associate at other stated times without the direct supervision of a warder.

When he was satisfied that his pupils' interest had been won he took them more fully into his confidence and began to disclose definite facts and figures to them.

He explained that the most profitable "line" to concentrate upon was tobacco. International crooks he was in touch with enabled him to purchase unlimited tobacco at Antwerp for 1s. 8d. a pound, and he knew receivers in London who would take it from him at 5s. 8d., thus allowing a clear profit of 4s. on every pound.

The readiness of receivers to pay this price is easily explained. The present duty being 9s. 6d. a pound, it was well worth their while to let the smugglers have their 4s. profit, because the receivers in turn could make colossal profits, even though they mostly disposed of their illicit stock through cut-price shops.

Franklin confided that he proposed to negotiate consignments of three or four thousand pounds a time, as he knew the ropes and how to defeat the very difficult regulations governing the trade.

Daring coups planned

He even went so far as to make preliminary arrangements for the promotion of a syndicate to provide the necessary funds, and actually planned to bring drugs over, too, hidden in the centre of tobacco blocks.

Franklin and the two Earles even began to ransack the prison library for books relating to navigation and to the building and running of small yachts.

Then, in the latter part of last year, Franklin was released, and the serious work of organisation began.

He set out to raise the necessary capital, purchase a motor launch, get into touch with the receivers and have everything ready by the time that the Earles were set free.

Later the elder brother was discharged, and early in the beginning of the present year Lionel Earle was also released.

The conspirators were able to put their prison-conceived plot into operation within a few weeks, for they had contrived all along to keep in touch with each other by various means.

The coastguards might search the seas without respite, but the smuggler king is too astute for them

Though Franklin was satisfied that he had a most promising cat's-paw in the elder Earle, he was a little worried about the younger brother, who had been studying navigation.

So he decided to get an outside assistant to navigate their craft and later hired an engineer named Evans—who was quite ignorant of the real nature of the voyage—for this task at £5 a week.

Franklin all the time kept well behind the scenes, and it was the elder Earle who was finally deputed to charter a vessel.

A safe crossing was made to Antwerp, where Franklin had already arranged with his Continental accomplices for a big consignment of tobacco to be loaded.

Unexpected trouble at sea, and the difficulty in arranging land transport on arrival, upset the plans and led to the chance capture of Franklin's hirelings.

But Franklin, the undoubted ringleader, being too clever to take any open part in the conspiracy, remains at large. Why has he not been found? Is he to remain immune and to escape all punishment?

He has played controlling parts in several smuggling episodes, and is known to have landed successfully several valuable cargoes.

For years he has paid regular visits—often weekly—to Antwerp and other Continental cities, negotiating deals in his illicit trade.

He is assisted financially by alien adventurers who are eager to get rich quickly at the expense of honest British traders.

The real criminal

"Franklin" is only one of his aliases. His real name is Louis Lesser and he comes from a highly-respected Jewish family.

Though he had the advantage of an excellent education, his people have been forced to disown him for the sake of their good name and business reputation.

About two years ago detectives under Colonel Sir H. Turnbull, Chief of the City of London Police, had to give very considerable attention to his activities.

Tons of tobacco, involving the loss of thousands of pounds in revenue, were traced through accomplices to a mystery man in the East End as having been smuggled into this country and disposed of through receivers in London and elsewhere.

Concealed hiding-places in which the cargoes for this man were placed prior to disposal came under observation in the Limehouse district of Dockland, at King's Cross, in the notorious Sidney Street of "Peter the Painter" and anarchist siege fame, and in the West India Dock Road.

When the police discovered that the real smuggler was really Mr. Louis Lesser and sought to question him about his queer cargoes, his frequent Continental trips and his association with international smugglers, he promptly disappeared!

Astounding facts then came to light, which are noted in the dossiers of the Customs and Excise as among the most sensational ever officially recorded.

Smuggling, Ltd.!

It was eventually found that Lesser, alias Franklin, had actually formed a company to further his illicit schemes; that his business was expanding so fast that he had arranged to open a special factory in Aldgate, and that one of his principal confederates was an unnaturalised alien.

This alien, it was established, was also an expert cigar and cigarette factor who had previously gone bankrupt for nearly £60,000, and he played an important part in marketing the illicit cargoes.

Lesser is associated with a notorious group of receivers known in the underworld as the "Islington Gang," who operate from headquarters in North London.

The leader is a fabulously rich man, about whom the Flying Squad has long sought information, without being able to bring any specific charge home to him.

Now that the police are again anxious to question Lesser he has disappeared, but he is believed to be planning fresh exploits and is a decidedly dangerous man to be at large.

Pawns who paid

There is indisputable evidence that he is a prime mover in the renewed smuggling trade that has sprung up since the imposition of tariffs. He is also known to be a member of a gang which, with headquarters in Antwerp, has already caused the Belgian police considerable anxiety.

Though upwards of a dozen men have recently been arrested in Antwerp for trafficking in all kinds of dutiable goods on a large scale they—like the brothers Earle—have been mere pawns. All efforts to trace the real organisers have failed.

Scotland Yard could deal a most effective blow at the whole smuggling organisation by arresting Lesser, who, as far as this country is concerned, is undeniably the King of Smugglers.

Long-Lost Uncle *Trick*

A BENEVOLENT, grey-haired individual of fifty-five, who calls himself Mr. A. J. Weston, is at present contriving to live very comfortably at the expense of people whose confidence he wins in a most ingenious way.

He needs only a capital of a few coppers for each coup, and these he bestows generously upon any likely young boy he may meet in the street.

Then he begins to ply the lad with seemingly innocent questions. How old is he? What is his name? What is his father? Where does he live?

And, suddenly, with an expansive smile, he will reach out and grasp the boy's hand. "Why, I'm your uncle John!" he will cry in delighted tones. "I've found you at last!"

He did this effectively in Clacton the other day, and by the time he was introduced to the parents he had drawn so much information from the boy that he was able to keep going a most convincing conversation.

He had just returned from California, he declared, but as he had gone there as a child he had never been in touch with his relatives at home till now.

As the stranger seemed to know so much of their family history, the parents never suspected that he was an impostor.

He stayed for several days, and, on the pretext that his cheque-book was with his luggage, contrived to raise several "temporary" loans. Then he suddenly disappeared, and has not been heard of in Clacton since.

The truth is that he is a persistent rogue of many names, including those of Austin Sinclare, White, Weston and Gerald Simmons.

His victims can be numbered by the score, and the police would be very glad to lay their hands upon him.

AMAZING Hercules GIFT
OF FREE ACCESSORIES

To celebrate their 21st anniversary, the Hercules Company announce this magnificent FREE offer to all purchasers of Hercules cycles until June 30th. A *bell, a toolbag with tools, an oiler, a pump and pump-clips—all* will be added to each respective Hercules specification. Buy your Hercules NOW.

'POPULAR' MODEL

£3.19.9 OR EASY TERMS

Model 'H' with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear, £4.19.9 or easy terms.

YOUR NEAREST DEALER WILL GIVE THEM TO YOU FREE OF CHARGE

Ask him for particulars of easy terms—also for catalogue showing Hercules' complete 1932 range.

These prices apply to England, Wales and Southern Scotland only.

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CHROMIUM PLATED BRITISH CYCLES

THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO., LTD. (Dept. J.B.) BRITANNIA WORKS, ASTON, BIRMINGHAM.

HC.14

HEALTHY LEGS FOR ALL!

SHE HASN'T A LEG TO STAND ON

The Woman Who Wouldn't Try Elasto
—and—
The Woman Who Did!

"My leg is completely cured, thanks to Elasto; all swelling and pain gone and I am able to walk about and do my work as though I had never had a bad leg. It is such a relief after years of pain. I have had doctors, have attended hospital and have laid up for months at a stretch, all to no purpose, and yet Elasto has quickly and completely cured me without any need for resting; it is wonderful.

"Elasto has been a godsend to me, and you may publish my letter for the benefit of other sufferers, who I do hope will send for your splendid treatment." (Sgd.) Mrs. S. ELDRIDGE.

What Other Users of Elasto Say—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"Wonderfully active, thanks to Elasto."
"My Doctor cannot praise Elasto enough."
"Can now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Elasto has worked wonders; my legs are quite clear now."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"I am now feeling quite fit and healthy."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins have completely disappeared."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Elasto has completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."

These extracts from testimonials are typical of the general chorus of praise which has greeted this wonderful new blood treatment—Elasto.

YOU NATURALLY ASK "What is Elasto?"

ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that varicose ailments and relaxed conditions generally, with their numerous developments and widely varied symptoms, are *deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood*.

Owing to this lack, the body is unable to evolve the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and arterial walls and the membranes in healthy condition, and a varicose or relaxed condition results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements that combine with albumen to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to effect a cure in a perfectly normal manner.

There is no chance-work about Elasto; it brings into play Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell food which *must be present in the blood to ensure complete health*. It is prepared in tiny tablets, to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Elasto conquers varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, phlebitis, thrombosis, muscular weakness, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, gout, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs.

Elasto also conquers piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Send for FREE Sample

Elasto Treatment is fully explained in a Special Free Booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Treatment makes!!

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD. (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Elasto Will Save You Pounds

CURES THROUGH THE BLOOD

Outrageous Treatment of a CRIPPLE

AGAIN and again, JOHN BULL has had to come to the succour and defence of helpless men mercilessly cast aside by flint-hearted employers in whose service they have been maimed and broken.

Mr. Phillip Palmer, of 88, Felixstowe Road, Edmonton, London, has not been made to suffer by the heartlessness of a private employer, but by the council of the great borough of Islington.

Although now seventy-two years old, this man of splendid frame had preserved such magnificent physique that he was called "Hercules the Second" by his workmates.

To-day, in consequence of an accident in the course of his employment, Palmer is shattered and he can only hobble or move a limb with extreme pain.

No pension for him

For twenty years he was a police officer, but pensions were not paid when he left the service. He was engaged by the Islington Council eighteen years ago, and since then has been that corporation's head gardener.

Under his care there has been created a beautiful oasis of lawns and flowerbeds in one of the greyest areas of London, and his skill has often been proved by his successes in open competition with the ablest gardeners.

That the council wanted to retain this man because he was a valuable servant is plain from the fact that he was told a few weeks before his mishap that he would not be placed on the pension-list until a year later because he was so remarkably strong and fit.

At that time, eleven months ago, however, Palmer was being required to perform duties which were unquestionably leading to his collapse.

For economy purposes the council had an ancient and condemned mechanical mower reconstructed, but the machine was so cumbrous in its new shape that two powerful men were required to use it.

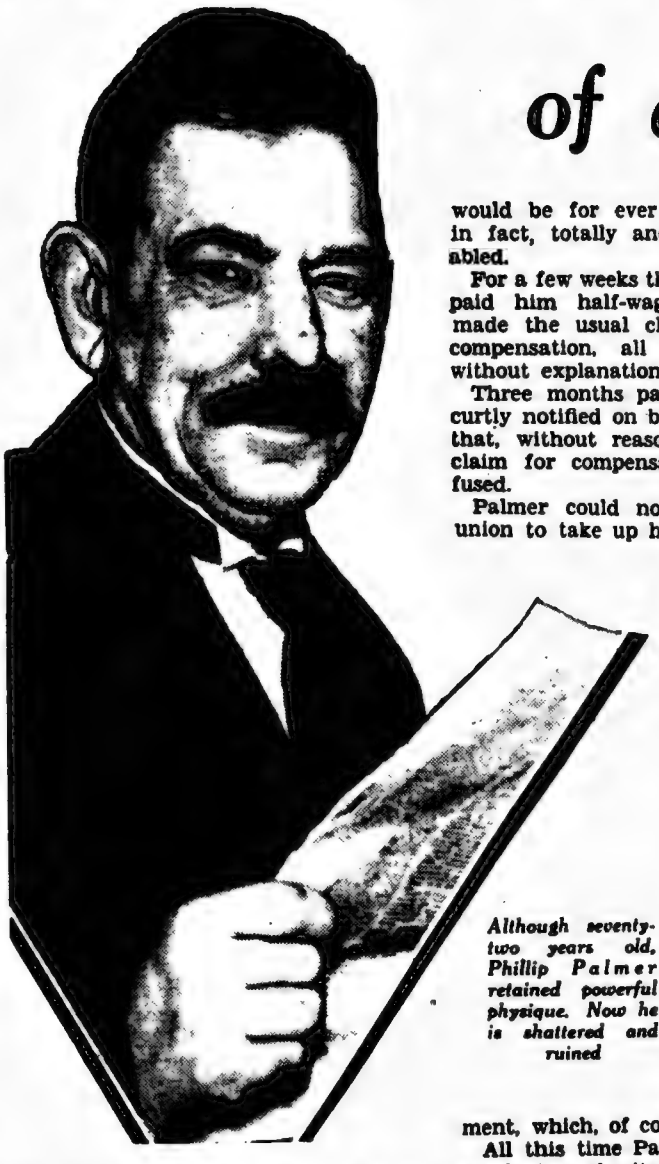
The catastrophe

Also for economy's sake, Palmer was told that one man alone would have to haul the converted mower, and, rather than subject any of the workers under him to the heavy strain, this virile old man did the work himself.

All the time he was making worse a distressing injury which he sustained in the park six years before and for which he had undergone surgical treatment.

Then, one day, while he was working desperately to get his lawns into midsummer trimness, there came the smash which was to ruin him.

Because of the reduction in staff, old grass which had been cut long before still lay thick and ungathered beneath the tall, new herbage.



Although seventy-two years old, Phillip Palmer retained powerful physique. Now he is shattered and ruined

The blade of a scythe which Palmer swung buried itself in the old matted grass. He pitched over and lay where he fell, torn in body.

The suffering man was taken home and the doctor called to him told him that he would never work again and would be for ever crippled. He was, in fact, totally and permanently disabled.

For a few weeks the council graciously paid him half-wages, but, when he made the usual claim for workmen's compensation, all payments stopped without explanation.

Three months passed before he was curtly notified on behalf of the council that, without reason being given, his claim for compensation had been refused.

Palmer could not turn to a trade union to take up his case, and he was helpless. He had left his union in consequence of the general strike because he could not understand how his participation and leaving his public lawns and gardens untended could possibly assist a national stoppage of industry.

Six months after the accident, Palmer presented his case to Mr. J. Rutherford Chalmers, M.P. for Edmonton. Then the council began to take notice. It made an offer of £20 in full settlement, which, of course, was refused.

All this time Palmer was largely dependent on charity for his maintenance. Often he had to go without food, and debts were accumulating.

He could not pay the mortgage instalments of the house which he had bought so that he would have a home assured to himself and his wife when he retired on pension. He was being threatened with eviction.

His rates could not be paid, and a committal order for his imprisonment was made.

Unaided, he tried to fight the council for his rights, but was quickly lost in the complex legal maze of the Workmen's Compensation Act.

The council sought to wriggle out by declaring that he had not made his claim in accordance with the statutes. What more, Palmer asked, could he have done than render medical certificates to prove how seriously he had been afflicted? He now asked for the return of these documents as evidence, but the council refused him access to them.

Through the intervention of Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., the City of London Recorder, Palmer was at last able to be represented by solicitors, but he had first to borrow £10 to pay for counsel. Before the case was heard, he was asked to provide still more funds to meet legal and medical specialists' costs, but he was unable to do so.

A broken old man

The case was contested by an insurance company on behalf of the Islington Council, which put in a technical and, in the circumstances, a most contemptible form of defence.

At the trial, a few days ago, Palmer was taken into the judge's room and, in view of the amazing attitude of the council, was advised to accept an offer to settle for payment of £75 to him and £25 to his solicitors for costs.

What a settlement to be made in the name of a great public authority to an old servant who has been maimed and crippled—£75 after a year of suffering, and nothing for the future, not even the pension he has earned!

As soon as Palmer left the court every penny of the £75 had to be paid towards the debts that had been incurred since he was disabled.

For him the future holds only pain and poverty unless the citizens of Islington take action to compel their council to behave justly and humanely.

Best of All

The severe storms and floods washed out the hottest week-end of this year and played havoc in the homes of many JOHN BULL readers.

Our representatives are in the stricken areas ascertaining the extent of damage to readers' belongings—the cheques will be despatched at the earliest possible moment.

Our Great Free Insurance Gift is still the most beneficial of all. JOHN BULL is the ONLY paper to pay Flood and Storm Benefits in addition to covering registered readers against Fire, Burglary, Sickness and Home Acciments, etc.

The benefits paid under this comprehensive Free Insurance are now subject to a special 10 per cent. Bonus, which will be added to benefits paid to registered readers of three months' standing or more. See page 34.

LACE-WORKER *Weaves* £4,500 *Fortune*

"THANKS! Now I'd better get on with my work." Is that what you would say to a messenger bringing news that a fortune of over £4,500 had suddenly fallen out of the blue?

If you had struggled on through weeks and weeks of unemployment, keeping your little home together on next to nothing, would those be your words on reading a First Prize telegram from JOHN BULL?

Well, that is the quiet, unemotional way in which the news of a record "Bullets" success was taken by a worker in the Nottingham lace factory of Messrs. Lambert and Wood.

No Friday telegram yet sent out from Long Acre has ever brought a more staggering message than that we despatched to Mr. Thomas Roberts, 33, Maud Street, New Basford, Nottingham.

* * *

"You are the winner of 4,500 Guineas or £8 weekly for life and £1,500"—that was the news which, for the moment, almost stunned this quiet, alert little man of forty-two.

For a few words which he put together as he worked at his hobby one evening, Mr. Roberts has captured our 845th First Prize, the finest in "Bullets" history and sufficient to ensure independence and comfort for the winner and his wife as long as they live.

And those few words which he also put together, "I'd better get on with my work," tell you more about the new holder of the "Bullets" Record than any lengthy pen-picture.

It was when unemployed through depression in the lace trade that Mr. Roberts looked round for a hobby to drive depression from his mind.

He tried various newspaper competitions—and then one day a friend introduced him to "Bullets." "I saw at once that this was *my* competition," he said, recalling the incident as he chatted with the JOHN BULL representative.

He could not recall, however, exactly how he came to put together that telling "Bullet" which has transformed his future—IF WE WANT PEACE—LET *Meek Greet Meek.*

Still, he went on to describe how patiently he has been plodding along the "Bullets" road, systematically studying winners, learning from his failures, taking encouragement from his small successes, never faltering in his determination to secure a First.

That in itself explains how Mr. Roberts made up his winning effort—by trying, trying, trying again and training his mind along "Bullets" lines. The old saying that "Inspiration is 90 per cent. Perspiration" has once again proved true.

"Until *Bullets Bulletin* was born," Mr. Roberts said, "we were all more or less floundering in the dark. My success is due entirely to the good advice it has given me."

"It is invaluable"—that is how our free weekly help to the prize-list is summed up by the winner of "Bullets" Biggest Ever.

"I'm still too dazed to realise what all this money means to me," he continued. "I shall be taking the lump sum of 4,500 Guineas, and it will probably be invested in some Government security. Believe me, anyway—the cash will be in good hands!"

* * *

If you want to follow Mr. Roberts to the top of the "Bullets" prize-list, is it not worth your while to take his advice and accept a free weekly copy of *Bullets Bulletin*?

This week's big "Bullets" cheques are to be augmented by record bonuses of £32 All-Electric Radio Gramophones for *Bullets Bulletin* readers.

To accept this offer of free assistance on page 35 will take you a few minutes only. Yet the prize it can help you to win may last you a life-time.

FREE pair of GREY FLANNEL TROUSERS with every one of these SUPER TWEED SUITS

SEND ONLY 2/6

To induce you to test the wonderful value of these Suits, we are offering, for a short period only, the FREE GIFT of a pair of fine quality GREY FLANNEL TROUSERS with every Suit ordered. These Suits are perfectly tailored in hard-wearing SAXONY TWEEDS in shades of Grey, Brown and Blue Mixtures. Cut in the latest Double-Breasted or Single-Breasted Style. Beautifully lined throughout. A perfect Fit Guaranteed. Sizes 34 to 44-inch Chest.

The "EMPIRE" SUIT. At 55/- inclusive of our FREE GIFT, this offer is a record bargain.

Send your deposit to-day. State Length and Chest Measurements, Single or Double-Breasted Style, and Colour preferred.

SEND FOR PATTERNS OF BETTER QUALITY SUITS.

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HOW YOU PAY: Deposit 2/6 and 6d. for postage. Suit and Free Gift sent at once. Pay balance by fortnightly instalments of 4/-.

Mark your Envelope or Postcard Dept. J.B.K.

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Has No Ugly Hair Now

"I had become completely discouraged by a heavy growth of disgusting hair. I tried depilatory pastes, evil smelling powders and painful electric treatments—even a razor. Shaving simply made the hair grow thicker. Then I found the NEW VEET which contains Wenlo-White. This dissolves the keratin in the hair and hair roots, thereby ending all superfluous hair troubles for ever. Since using New Veet my skin is so clean and white that no one could possibly suspect I was ever afflicted with that horrible superfluous hair."

The New White Veet (containing Wenlo-White) is guaranteed 100% pure and delightfully perfumed.

FREE: By special arrangement with the manufacturers, every woman reader of this paper can obtain a package of NEW VEET, containing Wenlo-White ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Dae Health Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. 32E), Cunard Road, Chase Estate, London, N.W.10.

Have you had a copy of the SUN MAID RECIPE BOOKLET? —It's FREE! See p. 21

A NORTH WALES idyll

What a paradise North Wales is for the children! What a region of sand and rock and seaweed and rock pools all encrusted with jewels and teeming with life! When the tide comes in the children thrill at the wave advancing over the smooth sands. When it goes out they follow up with net and spade to snare the strange monsters it leaves behind. Yet how safe it all is! All day long the children can play and neither hazard of rock nor tide need disturb the peace of their parents. A straightforward coast ideal for children; a beautiful coast easily accessible from all the big towns. L M S expresses run from all parts of the kingdom to North Wales during the holiday season.

Obtain a copy of "HOLIDAYS BY L M S" (the comprehensive Resorts and Apartments Guide)—Post Free 6d. from L M S Offices.

North Wales Booklet by S. P. B. Mais — Post Free 3d.

HOLIDAY TICKETS. This year Holiday Return Tickets offering very generous concessions will again be issued. Get a copy of "L M S Cheap Fares" and Illustrated Folder (free) at any L M S Station, Town Office or Agency.

Tourist Tickets — May to October. Cheap Week-End Tickets throughout the Year.

L M S

LONDON MIDLAND & SCOTTISH RAILWAY

THE BREATH OF SUSPICION

Freedom from a dreaded embarrassment

We're a queer lot—we mortals. We never seem to trust each other completely. A couple married for fifty years will still have secrets from each other—still be irritated by tiny mannerisms and other seemingly slight things they have never dared reveal. One of the saddest of these never-mentioned subjects is unpleasant breath. Sad because it is so easily preventable. If people only knew! In that bottle of Milton—the same invaluable friend upon which you rely for keeping your dental plate so fresh and comfortable—is the infallible cure. You will find full directions how to employ it in the new Milton book which is included free with every bottle from the sixpenny size upwards. Such an interesting book it is—containing over a hundred household hints—besides many matters of intimate feminine hygiene. A bottle of Milton costs 6d.

The Tobacco for YOU

PLAYER'S

8D PER OZ.

DIGGER FLAKE

(READY RUBBED)

ALSO

'DIGGER' MIXTURE 'DIGGER' CUT PLUG
'DIGGER' HONEYDEW 'DIGGER' SHAG
'DIGGER' BLACK CUT CAVENDISH

P.D.9.8

ISSUED BY THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY (OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND), LTD

Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs' Weekly Informations

BEWARE the DOG WOMAN!

NUMEROUS complaints from dog-lovers throughout the country have reached me recently concerning the activities of a breeder and dealer in pedigree stock, of College Farm, Church End, Coton, Cambridgeshire.

Investigations I have caused to be made reveal such an astounding state of affairs that it is difficult to understand why this person has been allowed to operate so long.

As far back as 1920, I find, this breeder was suspended by the Kennel Club—the "Jockey Club" of the Dog World—for two years for unscrupulous dealing in connection with the sale of dogs.

Despite this suspension these activities have been pursued under a variety of names and from a variety of addresses scattered over the country.

Some of the names used from time to time are Miss May Wilson, Miss Lindsay and Miss Payne.

She's a man!

Yet the individual in question, I find, is actually a man!

His real name is Anthony M. Huntley, but representing himself as a woman, he has advertised freely in various dog journals offering pedigree dogs for sale or exchange, extending stud facilities and securing valuable dogs "on appro."

These advertisements, couched in extravagant terms, have brought this supposed "woman" in touch with a large circle of breeders and dog-lovers—in the majority of cases to their profound regret.

In July last year Huntley's practices again brought him to the notice of the Kennel Club, and he was suspended or "warned off" for life for supplying false pedigrees to dogs he or "she" offered for sale and thus securing unwarranted profits.

By this time he had gained an unenviable reputation in the dog world, but this, apparently, offered little difficulty to a man of his fell resource.

Another "lady" appeared in the advertising columns of the dog journals, and Anthony M. Huntley was at his old tricks again.

The experience of one woman who answered his advertisements illustrates something of his methods.

He induced her to send him a bitch worth £10 and a black bitch valued at £20 on breeding terms.

The black bitch had a litter of six puppies, five of which, according to Huntley, died. After a long correspondence, he finally sent this puppy, and it arrived in a shockingly emaciated condition, covered with sores, and very ill.

Double loss

The owner had it treated for two days, when it died. A post-mortem examination revealed that its death was due to a disease which spread to her other dogs. Eventually she lost stock which she valued at £200.

In the meantime she discovered that Huntley had offered the black bitch, which she had sent to him for stud and which was still her property, for sale.

Her dealings with Huntley under one of his female aliases has nearly ruined her financially, in addition to causing her great distress through the death of three of her particular pets.

Among dog breeders, prefixes representing their kennels are registered, and the use of a prefix indicates a certain standing for the kennel. Huntley changes his prefixes as often as he changes his names without any seeming hindrance.

Last December Huntley stepped within the clutches of the law, but it was the R.S.P.C.A. that laid him by the heels.

At that time he was operating as Anthony M. Huntley, of Fulbourn, Cambridgeshire. An inspector of the R.S.P.C.A., accompanied by a police sergeant and constable, visited his premises.

In a filthy room they found six Cairn terriers and one dead. One of those still alive was very ill. In another room they discovered six Pekinese, three of them very sick.

A kennel maid shows how a doggy aristocrat should be cared for. Huntley's victims thought their animals would be as carefully tended . . .

Canine cockpit

Outside in a shed they found an Alsatian lying on an old couch and in the same shed they discovered the bodies of six dogs in various stages of decomposition.

Some little distance away another dead dog was lying in a tub.

The magistrates took such a serious view of this case that they sent Huntley to jail for two months.

Cruelty is the most serious crime in the dog world, yet Huntley is still carrying on business as a breeder and dealer in dogs, and persistently advertising in his usual flamboyant terms.

I am appalled that this man is allowed to carry on his sharp practices untroubled by the law.

That he has learned little by his two months in prison is demonstrated by the fact that when the agent of a potential client called at Huntley's latest establishment a few weeks ago he found four dogs all suffering badly from mange.

Huntley, too, I find, is very slow in meeting his obligations, and several creditors have had considerable difficulty in collecting moneys due.

It shows an amazing laxity in our laws not only that this man, who is so fond of posing as a woman, should be allowed to pursue his dubious schemes unhindered, but that after his conviction for cruelty he should be permitted even to have dogs in his charge for his personal gain.

WHITE-HAIRED WOMAN'S WILES

NUMEROUS people are looking for a dignified woman who passes as Agatha Jennings, and whose personal charm has enabled her to perpetrate a series of clever frauds.

At Portsmouth, to give a typical example of her methods, this woman called upon the owner of some local flats and introduced herself as the personal friend of a well-known lady of title.

Her queenly manner won immediate respect and her request to see some properties was readily granted.

Mrs. Jennings finally decided to take a flat for a month, explaining that she had recently inherited a legacy, and as her affairs were in the hands of a Portsmouth solicitor, whom she named, she might wish to extend this tenancy.

Once she was established in the flat, she settled down to a luxurious mode of living. Credit was easily obtained in various quarters, no one suspecting that this gracious woman, whose hair was tinged with white, could be an impostor.

Then, when she was generally regarded as an established householder, she raised one or two substantial loans from her landlady "to tide her over" until the legacy came through.

For a time she continued to lead the life of a woman of leisure, but when her various creditors became too pressing she solved her difficulties by vanishing.

This one masquerade alone would stamp Mrs. Agatha Jennings as a clever adventuress; but it is far from being an isolated example of her wiles.

Complaints are mounting up steadily against her, and her victims are to be found in Plymouth, Maidstone, Gosport, Nuneaton, Watford, and many other places too numerous to mention here.

She is a persistent plunderer, and for all her white hairs she deserves scant consideration when she is eventually run to earth.

Two SHADY Sweepstakes

ENQUIRIES are pouring in to us from readers in all parts of the country who have been invited to sell sweepstake tickets on behalf of the Bethnal Green Hospital Aid Society, of Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.

They have been told that the scheme is not confined to Bethnal Green, but that the society aims at giving financial aid to "as many hospitals as possible."

When we say that people are being canvassed in Horsham, Peckham, Blackburn, Bury St. Edmunds, Swansea, Birmingham, Nuneaton, Isleworth, Dewsbury, Scunthorpe, Ripponden, Chesterfield, Castleford and many other places besides, it will be understood that a colossal appeal is contemplated.

Yet if readers will be guided by us they will have nothing whatever to do with it.

In the first place, although the Bethnal Green Hospital Aid Society claims to have been founded in 1859, it is quite unknown to the Charity Organisation Society.

There is certainly a Bethnal Green Hospital, but it is under the control of the Public Health Department of the London County Council, which has no knowledge of the scheme and is referring enquirers to Scotland Yard.

* * *

Nor is that all. The literature now being so freely distributed contains no reference to any governing committee, but stipulates that all money should be sent to a Mr. F. Heaton, who is described as the organising secretary.

How can Mr. Heaton possibly hold himself responsible for the thousands of strangers to whom he is entrusting tickets? And who is responsible for Mr. Heaton and the unknown society he represents?

Equally unsatisfactory is a nation-wide appeal now being launched by the Brighton County Club (1929), Ltd., of Middle Street, Brighton, Sussex.

Attractive cash prizes are being offered in connection with a sweepstake to be run on the Derby, and, as in the scheme already dealt with, tickets are being distributed indiscriminately all over the British Isles.

And, in the same way, cash has to be sent to an individual, one G. Parker, who is described as the club's secretary.

There is every reason why this appeal should likewise be shunned.

In December last we drew attention to a Christmas draw being run under the auspices of this self-same club, and following our exposure the police took action, and an official named on the literature was fined.

The club has, indeed, a none too favourable record in the locality, and there is no doubt that the authorities should give this latest venture immediate attention.

How I'd PUNISH the

No mother can ever have undergone such agonising mental torture as Mrs. Lindbergh, whose baby boy was kidnapped two months ago.

Supposing the kidnappers are caught at last. What punishment fits their atrocious crime?

Here are the views of some British mothers.

Mrs. J. R. CLYNES

A Life Sentence

NOTHING is too bad for the perpetrators of this heartless and revolting crime.

If they were caught and I were judging them, they would get from me no consideration or mercy in any shape or form.

Their punishment should be nothing less than a life sentence, with hard labour.

If anyone thinks that is too severe, let them imagine the feelings, during all these terrible weeks of suspense, of the poor mother whose baby was so cruelly torn away from her.

No American mother can possibly feel safe, not only until the criminals who stole the Lindbergh baby are brought to justice, but until the dastardly crime of kidnapping, which is now so prevalent in the lawless United States, is completely wiped out.

Hon. Mrs. ANTHONY VIVIAN

Hang or Shoot

I SHOULDN'T hesitate to hang or shoot the kidnappers, especially if any harm has befallen the baby.

They are, in any case, prospective murderers by endangering the life of an expectant mother.

I have very strong feelings on the subject because I have a little one of my own who is the same age as the kidnapped child.

So it is not difficult for me to imagine the shock caused to the Lindbergh baby by the loss of its mother and the sudden change of environment. Children at this age are just commencing to notice things and are particularly sensitive.

And their utter helplessness makes the crime too wicked for words to describe.

LADY DUNN

(Wife of Sir James Dunn)

The Rod's Bite

I CAN think of no more cruel crime than to tear, in cold blood and for financial gain, a helpless child from its mother, leaving her in absolute ignorance of its fate.

Terrible as it is for a mother to lose her child by death, it is more merciful than an outrage which condemns her to the agony of imagining every hour, day after day, week after week, that all manner of dreadful things are happening to her infant.

Any ordinary form of imprisonment would be wasted on the villains who could inflict such torture.

I remember once going over a prison and being told that hardened criminals dreaded fifteen years' imprisonment less than a flogging, and so that is what I should give the fiends who took the Lindbergh baby. And it should be a public flogging, too. In fact—I can't, as a mother, help saying it—they deserve to be lynched.

Mrs. EDGAR LANSBURY

Behind the Bars

THE idea of trying to punish the culprits by making them suffer as Mrs. Lindbergh has done is absurd. They must be devoid of ordinary human feelings.

There is only one sensible thing to do if they are caught, and that is to put them under lock and key for the rest of their lives. Only then will America's mothers feel safe again.

OLIVE SNELL

the artist (Mrs. E. Pike)

Torture Them!

I SUPPOSE that rigorous imprisonment for life is the only practical punishment that one could give the kidnappers. Which only shows how limited punishment can be.

I should like to make it fit the crime.

I should like to torture the inhuman wretches responsible for the crime—hang them upside down, put them on the rack.

I feel that no punishment I could devise could be worse than that inflicted on the baby's unhappy mother.

Apart from this, I should show them no mercy because it is necessary for all our sakes that they and their like must be discouraged from repeating their crime.

Otherwise there is nothing to prevent kidnapping from spreading to this country.

The American gangsters, who are obviously behind the Lindbergh kidnapping—I refuse to believe it is the work of one person—have shown their power by baffling the police of the world.

If their crime were not so vile one could almost admire the brains behind it.

They must be hounded down at all costs and never allowed to do the same thing again.

LADY NOEL BUXTON

Prison for Life

TO take an infant away from its parents and torture them with uncertainty for months is a crime which, in its refinement of cruelty, marks out the perpetrators to be sub-human.

In this case, when it is open to question whether or not money was the primary motive, the criminals may possibly belong to that unfortunate body of men who feel fate has been cruel to them, and who, filled with pitiless jealousy, try to get even with fortune's favourites.

"To be wroth with one we love" works, we are told, like "madness in the brain." To be wroth with those the world loves has the same effect. It gives a sense of hopelessness and exasperation.

In whatever criminal category we place them, those who carried off the Lindbergh baby have forfeited the right to be looked upon as human

TRAGIC *mother and child—*
"It is more merciful for a mother to lose her child by death than by an outrage which condemns her to the agony of imagining, hour by hour, that all manner of dreadful things are happening to her infant"

EVERY *mother's heart goes out to that pitiful figure whose child has been snatched away, and that sympathy is tempered with fear—fear for her own little one . . .*

Lindbergh Baby KIDNAPPERS

by Fourteen British Mothers

or sane, and, like dangerous animals, cannot be left at liberty.

Once they are brought to justice they must be kept behind lock and key, so that they can never commit their insane crime again.

CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE

(the novelist)

Unceasing Toil

THE usual methods of punishment, fines, detention, and so on do not fit this crime at all. So I should think of something else. What should it be?

Well, no matter whether the actual kidnapper is a man or woman, I would give him, or her, as part punishment a year's work in a very poor maternity home or hospital, as a nurse. They'd get no holiday nor any respite whatever from their duties.

That would teach them not to kidnap another baby!

Mrs. LOW

(Mother of Professor A. M. Low)

Six Years' Poverty

THE child was apparently not nearly as well watched as it should have been. The real crime is that money should be the motive of the kidnappers.

Give the woman responsible (no man alone could be so cruel) one year's very hard labour. After that, keep her desperately poor for six years at the least. Let her own nothing whatever. Poverty might give her a heart. It is the only punishment for a financial crime of this sort.

Solitary confinement, torture—they are only revenge, not punishment.

As an alternative to the hard labour, the punishment might consist of making the kidnapper do the things that she, or they, disliked doing most.

Imagine — unceasingly scraping potatoes, washing particularly greasy dishes, looking after unusually trying children or savage dogs! The punishment should fit the crime.

Mrs. HOWARD ROBINSON

(Wife of the artist)

Chinese Tortures

IT is all very well to talk about punishing the Lindbergh baby's kidnappers, but (provided they are caught, which seems very doubtful) how is one going to make any impression on them by any ordinary punishment?

I feel thoroughly bloodthirsty when I think of them. I should prescribe them all the tortures invented by the Chinese—make them walk on hot bricks, and all the rest of it. . . . I'd better not say any more.

HERMIONE BADDELEY

the actress (Mrs. David Tennant)

Hard Labour

I FIND it difficult to pass judgment until it is known definitely whether the kidnappers took the baby as a practical joke—as I sometimes think they did—or whether from the first they acted criminally, deliberately intending to hold it to ransom.

To us in this country it seems impossible that human beings can have committed such a crime in cold blood.

If it proves that they were practical jokers—and that can only mitigate and not excuse such a heartless crime—I should apply the punishment Mussolini is reported to have meted out to his enemies—a dose of castor oil.

Or, rather, many doses—nay, a pint a day for a month.

But if they stole the child with deliberate criminal intentions, the sentence they would get from me would be fifteen years with hard labour, to put it at the least.

I thank heaven I'm an English mother, and cannot imagine such a thing happening here.

Mrs. NAOMI MITCHISON

(the novelist)

Not Vindictive

POSSIBLY if I were in the Lindberghs' place and my baby was returned to me, I should be so glad to get it back that I should not feel frightfully vindictive.

I should be chiefly concerned about putting the kidnappers in some place where they would be carefully watched and prevented from doing any further harm for the rest of their lives.

That place would be the one to which they obviously belong—a criminal lunatic asylum.

Mrs. STANLEY LUPINO

. . . As Murderers

WHEN I think of this crime my blood positively boils, some of my thoughts are unprintable, and the punishment I would give would certainly err on the side of severity and not leniency.

What do you expect from a mother who can well imagine what agonies Mrs. Lindbergh has had to endure, and what torture it must have been to the child to be snatched away from its parents?

I should like to think of something worse for the kidnappers, but I can only suggest the most practical punishment for them—imprisonment for life in the literal sense of the term, with no reduction of the sentence at all.

And I should not stop at that if, as a result of her torture, Mrs. Lindbergh, or her baby that is to come, dies.

Then I should treat the kidnappers as murderers and send them to the electric chair.

There is absolutely no redeeming quality about them.

Mrs. DRAPPER, J.P.

See the Suffering

I HAVE no doubt about what I would like to do with the kidnappers. They have inflicted terrible suffering upon a mother, as if

Two months of torment have aged Colonel Lindbergh by years

what all mothers have to suffer isn't enough.

For their term of punishment they should be attached to a maternity home, where they would see the suffering that mothers, even in these days, have to bear.

Only the other day I was at such a home when a specialist had to be called in urgently to save the life of a mother who went into convulsions.

I think that if the kidnappers had seen what I saw they would have realised something of the sanctity and suffering of motherhood and the enormity of the crime they have committed.

In spite of all that one hears, it is not true that women do not want children, or that they value them less than they did.

There is ample proof of that at the Juvenile Court where I sit as a magistrate.

This is why I say that I cannot think of any more fitting punishment for baby-stealers than to put them into direct contact with the suffering of motherhood and the care of little lives.

Millie GRAHAM POLAK

(the author)

Ostracise Them

THE perpetrators of this crime are worse than wild beasts. The beast may kill in order to live, but it takes the ingenuity of man to torture a mother and child by trading on the deepest and most beautiful of human emotions.

Those who commit such a crime should be ostracised from human fellowship.

* * *

We invite our readers to write and tell us how they would punish the Lindbergh baby kidnappers *(see page 30)*

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SWEET!!
FRAGRANT!!!

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SEND THE COUPON ON PAGE 23.

STORM JAMESON *Attacks*—

The Seven Deadly Sins of To-day

6

Husband-Hustlers

"THE ordinary American is a slave to his wife. I have known some of these women even to use physical cruelty towards their very much worse halves.

"'Husband-hustlers,' they call them," writes Mr. Shaw Desmond in the New *Passing Show*, now on sale.

"I have known of a real male man to be punched, kicked and 'bull-dozed' by a female stage partner not half his poundage, without showing resentment, until she smashed his arm."

See the *Passing Show* for the rest of Mr. Desmond's amazing article: "Women Mean to Ruin America."

FOR some moments her sleep had been uneasy with thoughts of waking. Her dream wavered, sank; sounds from the street entered it like rain beating into a room; one louder than the rest woke her suddenly, and she lay staring at the window, her brows drawn together in a frown.

Her hand, flung out, encountered first the edge of the table and then her watch. A quarter to eight. Raising herself on an elbow, she called: "Ian!" quietly at first, sharply when no sounds came from the next room. The third "Ian!" produced a thud.

Her husband, looking young and crumpled, came sleepily to the open doorway between their rooms. She was vaguely irritated by his smile and yawn. Why did he have to be called twice, once by Bertha and again by her? "Do get dressed," she said crossly, "I want the bathroom."

When she heard him talking to Bertha in the dining-room she got up and locked herself in the bathroom for her exercises. Ten minutes' violent bending and twisting, followed by a lukewarm plunge, braced her nerves. Fingers moving like small rods tapped the cream in round her eyes and under her chin.

The Letter

Ian spoke outside the door. "I'm off now." "Good-bye!" she called back; "are you in to dinner?"

"Of course," Ian said.

Why of course? she thought. It would be nice if for a change he said "No," or "Let's make a night of it." Ian's too domestic for words. Back in her room, she peered closely at her face. I believe there's a line coming round my mouth.

The fingers worked faster, flapping cottonwool soaked in astringent lotion over the danger signals. Lotion, powder, eyebrow pencil. She touched her hair, the corners of her eyes, pulled at her jumper, and hurried along the passage to the dining-room.

Letters. Another invitation from that tiresome woman. Oh, a letter from—yes—smiling a little, she read the few lines. He began, "Dear You," but there was really nothing in the letter. Too cautious.

She read the newspaper while she drank her coffee, her eye jumping from headline to headline. "Japanese Reply to the League"; "Man Slashed with Razor"; "Strangled Typist"; "Slackers on the Dole"; "What I Mean by Love, by the Author of——."

She read a few paragraphs under each heading and dropped the paper, pushing away her plate. This morning she was going to finish that book on Russia before taking it back to the library. Ian said it was important. How does he know?

Stimulant

She went along to the kitchen to speak to Bertha. Why don't servants think? She hasn't any interest in her job. I have to arrange everything, what Ian is to eat, laundry, mending, everything. I don't care what he eats. Oh, any sweet. "That thing you made last week. Yes, that'll do." The ghastly *stupidity* of the woman.

Propping her book on Russia on her desk, she turned over the leaves. Part of her mind was still engaged with Lewis's letter. He would be at Maud Easton's cocktail party. I shall wear the blue. He's amusing. One needs change, a fresh stimulus.

The words, "What I Mean by Love," appeared suddenly on the screen of her mind She shut them off and tried to concentrate on her book. The telephone rang. "Who is it? Oh, *Mary*. . . . Darling, of course I will. One-fifteen. . . . No. The same old round. . . ."

She read another page of her book before she realised that she had lost the place. I must have turned two pages. The thread of her thought, laboriously held, had been snapped by the telephone bell. Now the ends whipped out of sight.

Turning to the cover of the book she read quickly through the publisher's synopsis. I'll tell Ian I finished it. She glanced at her watch. After eleven o'clock. The dancing lesson at twelve.

Running down the stairs to the street, the book gripped under her arm, she remembered that the blue frock needed a fresh scarf. Just time. Crowds of women on the pavement. Drifting. Staring. Don't they *do* anything? A gust of warmth struck her as she hurried into the shop. Scents. Boxes of cheap stockings.

She hesitated at the scarf counter. In the end, beguiled, she bought two scarves. On her way out the colour of a jumper caught her eye. She stopped, fingered it. "I'll have that."

Outside in the street, a quick anger filled her. You fool. You don't want a green jumper. Nothing to wear with it. Damn. Watching the traffic, she dodged and twisted across the road, to the library.

The girl at the desk was maddeningly sleek and slow. "What are you taking?" "Isn't there a new one by that man—I forget his name. He wrote 'Green Passion.'" "Women in Uniform." She tapped her foot, waiting. Hurry, hurry Must take something. I know I shan't read it.

Quickening Beats . . .

The dancing lesson was an annoyance. She was late, and the neat, undersized Jew who partnered her had an unpleasant trick of pressing his knees against her legs. She endured it. "You hold yourself too stiffly. You must relax. Like this." Impudent smile. Short, yellow fingers pressing her palm.

She had to take a taxi to be at the restaurant in time. Mary was waiting. "Darling! Am I as late as usual?" "I've ordered you a Martini."

She dropped thankfully into her chair. Mary's manner was cool and amused, yet everyone knew she and Jack were in debt to their ears. They must live on their bridge.

"How's Ian?" "Still the little worker. . . ." She pulled herself up. I won't make fun of him. A cad's trick. Where should we be if Ian didn't work?

Mary's laugh flicked her. "Ian would be a perfect brother or friend," she said recklessly. "But as a husband," Mary smiled, "he's not so good? I wasn't cut out for domesticity."

"My dear, none of us are. It happens to be the only paid profession for which no qualifications are required. . . . I saw Lewis yesterday. He spoke of you."

"Did he?" Her heart jumped. Light, experienced smile. Don't give yourself away. She caught a glimpse of her face in the mirror over Mary's shoulder. I look too awful. A massage. That new pack treatment. Yes, I'll try it.

She ran up the stairs. Black, lacquered door. "Irina, Ltd." The gilt and white panels of the room were soothing. She let her head fall back on the cushion and closed her eyes. "Madam has not had the treatment before." Statement, not question. "No."

Beauty's Parlour

The flat, over-trained voice began again, accompanying the movements of fingers. "A thin skin needs it more often than a thick, strong skin." "Have I a thin skin?" She opened her eyes to detect, if she could, the other's thoughts. I suppose she tells everyone. Pads of lint, soaked in some herbal lotion, were pressed on her eyelids.

She grew drowsy. A change in the rhythm of stroking and patting roused her. "Do you enjoy your work?" "Very much, madam." "No, I meant *really*." "It's always pleasant to make people more beautiful, isn't it, madam?"

The lint was peeled off her eyes. For a moment one young woman looked at the other with ironical understanding. Then a professional blandness slid over the assistant's face. "Do you prefer a natural make-up?" "Please."

She studied the effect with frowning intentness. Her face scarcely belonged to her yet. As she walked out she had the feeling that she was carrying it in front of her like a mask. It felt insecure.

I must rush. Another taxi. I oughtn't to take them She looked into her purse. If I have bad luck this afternoon I'm lost. Sitting forward on the edge of her seat she drove her mind frenziedly ahead of her. I'm late. The other women had

Insincerity . . .

It Kills HAPPINESS— and MOCKS MORALITY

"Her glance met his, and when Lewis's hand rested on hers she did not move. She was merely not resisting him"

been talking about her. She felt it as she crossed the room to them. Easy, meaningless voices covered the tiny pause.

My luck's out. Get up. Smile. "What is it I owe Rose? Oh, I'll send a cheque in the morning." Must rush off now. Damn. The German lesson I forgot. *Enschuldigen Sie mich. Ich muss, jetzt gehen.* Touching her lips in front of the glass. Not bad. I look excited.

She waved her hand to Rose. Mean wretch. She could at least have offered me a lift. I'll walk. At the end of the street she thought: Stupid to spend a guinea on a massage and arrive covered with blacks. Her arm signalled a taxi mechanically. She peered again at her face in the tiny mirror. Fingers pressed anxiously on the corners of her eyes.

The shrillness of voices — needles pricking her skull. Maud Easton's cheek touched hers. Arms round her shoulders, pretending delight. "White or yellow, darling?" "Yellow, please." She sipped carefully.

Hand-Touch

It was ice-cold and pungent; the glass clouded as she drank. Her glance took in the long, crowded room. Not here. I needn't have bothered. . . . But he wrote . . . "*Dear You.*"

At his touch on her arm she felt the familiar jerk and confusion of her mind. "How late you are, child!" Answer him carelessly. "I had the earth to do before I came." She settled herself on the little couch in the attitude she had practised, knees crossed, chin turned slightly.

Is he really taken? A scarcely conscious impulse made her stiffen. She was suddenly half-disgusted by her excitement and by the game she was playing. Lewis's voice went on. Hardly against her will she let herself respond.

Her glance met his. She did not withdraw her gaze, and when Lewis's hand rested on hers she did not move. Her response was scarcely deliberate. She was merely not resisting him.

When he asked her to dine with him her first thought was of Ian and the dinner she had ordered at home. Her second: Why shouldn't I? The feeling that if she refused she would be missing something, some excitement, rushed over her.

"Very well. . . . Eight? Then I must *run.*"

Outside the air was light and sharp on her eyelids. She took the tube home, and the delays at the stations made her frantic. As she was running up the stairs to the flat another impulse took possession of her. She was filled with compunction at the thought of leaving Ian to dine alone.

I won't go. I'll ring up Lewis and tell him I've changed my mind. I'm a beast to Ian. She felt a half-painful longing to make something better of their marriage. He doesn't know it, poor Ian, but we're drifting apart. I'll do better. I swear I will.

She opened the door with her key and stepped into an unlit hall. Bertha came out of the kitchen and said in a jaunty voice: "The master telephoned after you'd gone to say he wouldn't be in to dinner. I thought you wouldn't want dinner cooked for yourself."

"I'll have an egg. No, I don't want anything," she answered mechanically. Turning, she stared irresolutely round her bedroom. The prospect of spending the evening alone filled her with dismay. Nothing at all to do. Four hours of solitary boredom. The thought of Lewis brought intense relief with it.

Facing him across the restaurant table, she played his game with a reckless feeling of ease. Smiles and glances convey all the excitement of surrender without its complications.

Surrender

"Do you know what you look like tonight, child?" Child. "Tell me." "Not now. Not here." "When?" A delicious weakness overcame her. "When I have you to myself. Perhaps this evening?"

She shook her head, smiling and looking into his face. At this moment she knew that sooner or later—this month? this week?—she would become Lewis's mistress. She had not the self-control to go on resisting for ever.

On her way home she remembered the money she owed Rose. Vile creature! She would have to ask Ian for it. A vague feeling of grief and shame visited her. Our marriage . . . my fault. I'll do better. I will, yes I will. To-morrow. . . .

Ian had fallen asleep. She undressed slowly and stood for a long minute in front of her glass, turning her body this way and that. The last thoughts in her mind as she fell asleep were of a blue scarf . . . then of Lewis. . . . To wear my new blue things for him . . . slowly . . . turn to him a little and speak, softly, slowly . . . I must.

Next Week:

TOO MUCH TOLERANCE,
by Evelyn Waugh

The "Greatest of These—"

Wee Tim's Appeal

Tim

WEE TIM, who is underweight for his nine months, was born in tragedy. His father, who had "joined up" when fifteen and a half, was discharged after twelve months, when it was discovered that he was under age. He married at eighteen, and now, still under thirty years old, he is in Claybury Asylum.

For some years he worked as a carman, but his mind began to go, and eventually the doctor sent him to hospital and then to the asylum.

At the time Tim's mother was expecting his birth, she heard that her husband had "got out." He found his way home, and she kept him there for six months, during which time he managed to get about four weeks' work.

Last January he had to be sent back to Claybury, and his wife has not had the means to visit him. She wants to, for, she said, "he has been a good husband and good father to his children. If he had twopence, and thought his children wanted that twopence, they had it."

Besides Tim, there are seven children, the eldest of whom is eleven. One boy suffers with lungs and chest; a little girl is troubled with nerves, partly due to under-feeding; little Rebecca frets for her dad. The youngest next to Tim has been in hospital suffering from pneumonia and convulsions.

Their poor mother is attending Moorfields Hospital for her eyes, and is liable to go blind at any moment.

On top of her disasters, she was summoned for arrears of rent, which she is endeavouring to pay off by instalments.

The calm, sweet expression on the face of Tim's mother is something to marvel at and admire. If our readers could see it, they would not be long in sending help to the fund for her pressing needs.

All donations should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions can be seen at this office, and a copy of the current list sent on application.

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— but we get our iron all the same in SUN-MAID RAISINS!"

"We just love SUN-MAIDS! They're PLUMPER, and JUICIER than any other RAISINS we know!

* * *

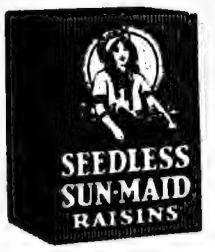
"And the DOCTOR always Tells us they're JUST FULL OF IRON!

* * *

"So we have two or three HANDFULS a day, and Plenty of SUN-MAIDS in PUDDINGS and CAKES

* * *

"That's the NICEST and CHEAPEST way *we* know Of taking IRON!"



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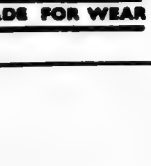
"In these hard times"

says Mr. Sage "Every penny spent on food must pull its weight. That's unanimous. And for sheer meat value for money, Armour's 'Veribest' Corned Beef can't be beaten, I reckon. My old woman makes me up some nice, tasty corned beef sandwiches for my dinner, nowadays. And the number of delicious ways in which she serves corned beef for my supper is amazing."

Armour's
VERIBEST CORNED BEEF

Ask for Armour's 'Veribest' Ox Tongues, as delicious as ever and at greatly reduced prices.

★£100 in prizes. Have you entered our contest for new words to Armour's Economy Song, "In These Hard Times." If not, send one label from a tin of Armour's 'Veribest' Corned Beef or Ox Tongue for a free entry form, free copy of song and Armour's 6d Recipe Book, "Delicious Ways to Serve Corned Beef." Armour & Co., Ltd. (Dept. 10), Armour House, St. Martin's-le-Grand, E.C.1. Entries must be received by first post June 6th, 1932.



The NEW LYBRO EASY-FIT OVERALLS for ECONOMY

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You cannot afford to speculate with Overalls. They must be comfortable, hard wearing, and have pockets in the right place. And the price must be reasonable. The New Lybro Overalls give you all this — and even more. There are more and better pockets, the cut has been made roomier, giving greater freedom and increased protection. Once used Lybro Overalls are always used because they are utterly reliable. Prices are for garments up to size 44 waist and chest. O.S. extra.

6'6

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Bib and Brace Overalls... ... ... 6/6
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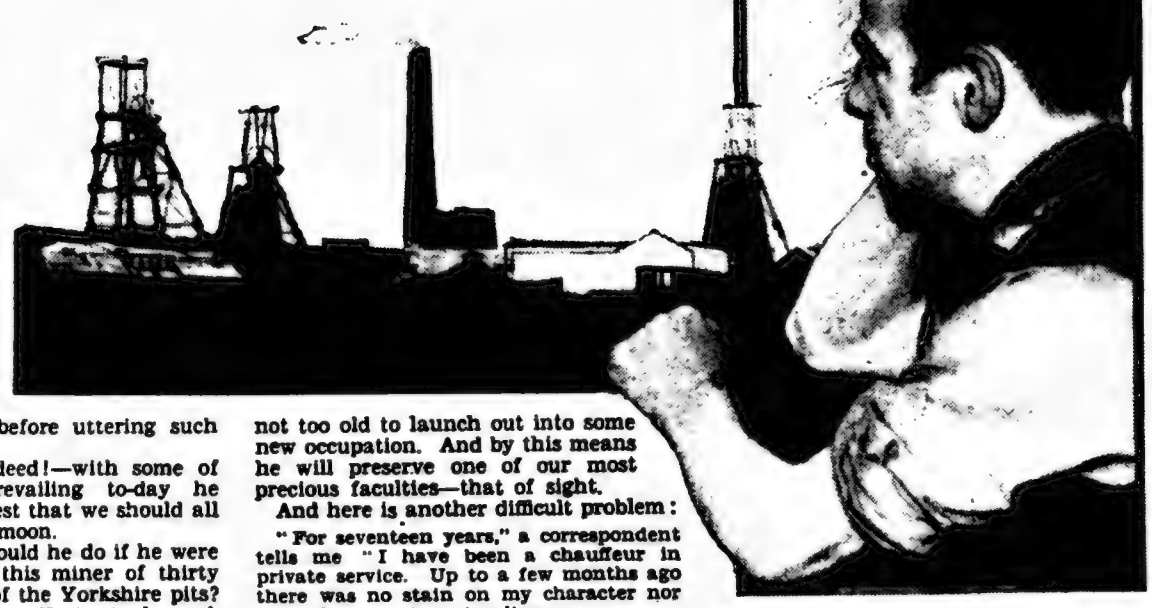
LYBRO EASY FIT OVERALLS

CUT FOR COMFORT—MADE FOR WEAR

His First Duty IS TO HIMSELF

Considers PHILIP INMAN



He ponders . . . if he goes on blindness will overtake him. What is the alternative?

I HEAR that one of our public men said the other day that with all our privileges the people of this country ought to live in a state of perpetual contentment.

He ought to become "Humanist" of this paper. That would make him think a good many times before uttering such balderdash.

Contentment, indeed!—with some of the conditions prevailing to-day he might as well suggest that we should all go and live on the moon.

I wonder what would he do if he were in the position of this miner of thirty who works in one of the Yorkshire pits?

This is his trouble. He is single, and, from what he tells me, seems likely to remain so, for he has aged parents dependent upon him. But that is not all. His work in the mines has affected his sight, with the result that slowly but surely he is going blind.

What a problem, to be sure. If he gives up the only work he knows—work in which he has been engaged since a youth—where can he turn for suitable employment? And what is going to happen to his old folk in the meantime?

If he sticks to his job he will lose his sight. No wonder he says, "It seems to me that I am between the devil and the deep sea. And the devil is pushing hard."

They must manage

My correspondent tells me that eight out of every ten miners suffer from defective vision. I don't know whether that is an exaggeration, but it is a melancholy fact to brood upon.

Now, what can be said to such a man? Well, first of all, let us clear up one or two points. Are his parents eligible for the old age pension? Can they manage to scrape along in some way without his aid?

It seems to me that they *must* do so. For if he goes on working in the mines until he becomes blind their plight will be far worse. And he, too, would then be unable to undertake any other active work.

If he is going to make a move, now is the time to do it. His first duty in the circumstances is to himself.

After carefully considering his problem, this is my advice to him: If his sight has suffered because of his work, and he can prove that, he is eligible for compensation.

My correspondent does not say whether he is a member of the Miners' Federation. If so, he should approach his branch secretary, who will see the matter through for him. If not, he had better see a doctor, and, armed with his certificate, consult a lawyer, who will make a claim on his behalf.

Then, with his compensation money, he might start a little business which does not require a lot of technical knowledge, or, alternatively, use the money for his keep whilst he is training himself for some other work.

He is still a young man, and therefore not too old to launch out into some new occupation. And by this means he will preserve one of our most precious faculties—that of sight.

And here is another difficult problem:

"For seventeen years," a correspondent tells me "I have been a chauffeur in private service. Up to a few months ago there was no stain on my character nor an endorsement on my licence.

"Then, one day, whilst driving down a busy thoroughfare, an old lady of seventy-five stepped off the pavement and was knocked down by my car. She died in hospital and, whilst I was acquitted of any negligence at the inquest, my employer took an opposite view, and he gave me a week's money and told me my services would be no longer required.

"It seemed very hard after all those years, but he is evidently not satisfied with dismissing me, as his subsequent conduct reveals. After a hard struggle I obtained another job, but when my prospective employer wrote for a reference I was evidently given such a bad character that he refused to engage me. What can I do?"

My feeling is that this man has been very badly treated. He must have been a good servant to have remained in the same employment for seventeen years. Besides, as he points out, his clean licence shows his carefulness "on the roads." These things are surely a recommendation in themselves.

Unnecessarily cruel

The accident which caused the old lady's death might have happened to anyone, for every motorist knows how careless *some* pedestrians are. If he had been to blame the coroner would have dealt with him.

That he was exonerated proves his innocence, and his employer should have accepted that verdict. To dismiss him under such circumstances was an unnecessarily cruel act. But to seek to deprive him of obtaining other work is despicable in the extreme.

Can't my correspondent get someone to point out these things to his late employer? If not, and he will let me have his name, I will take up the cudgels on his behalf. It seems to me that if all my correspondent tells me is true he is far more to be pitied than punished.

And here is a question that I am asked several times a week. Should an unemployed man embark on the sea of matrimony? Here is a case in point. This young fellow writes:

"I have courted my fiancée for nearly four years, and care very deeply for her. We soon found we had very much in common, and, after a year and a half, decided to save up and get married. Unfortunately, only six months afterwards, I lost my job and, to my regret, have been unemployed ever since.

"In spite of the fact that I draw neither relief nor unemployment money, my girl is anxious for me to marry her. She says that if we have to live in one room she is quite able to go to work. I have tried to convince her of the folly of such an arrangement, but she is so persistent that I don't know what to do.

"As recently as a week ago she said that if I did not want to do as she wished, then I could not care for her at all. Her parents have also interceded, but in vain."

Be patient

To all who are similarly placed let me say emphatically—no man should undertake the responsibilities of married life without having a home to take his wife, or work that will enable him to provide such a home. It is not fair to either of them—and grossly unfair to any children they may have.

"As things go, if I have to wait until I get a job before I can marry, I shall be an old man," says another of my readers. Far better that. His responsibilities at present are under his own hat. But if he takes unto himself a wife the burden is enormously increased.

Times are hard, I know. But they will not always remain so. History tells us that after a long spell of distress there always comes a revival. For the sake of my readers who are waiting to get married, I hope it will not be delayed.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

PHILIP INMAN is "John Bull's" "Humanist." To every problem that is presented to him by our readers he applies the sympathy and experience which many years of contact with the life of a great hospital have given him. He wants to help you out of your trouble. Why not let him try?

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The WORLD'S Too Small for ME

"Employers give me an interview just to have a look at me, but they don't give me a job"

by THE MAN *who is* 8 FEET TALL

(Dennis Duffey)

I HAVE been refused work all over the British Empire because of a disadvantage more damning than a criminal record. I am 8 ft. high—I am too tall.

Now I have come to England to try my luck here. And knowing from bitter experience how huge a handicap my bigness is, I am half expecting to fail again.

It is not that I am work-shy. Nor do I lack strength or physical fitness.

The plain truth is that I am so tall that nobody wants me. The world has nothing to offer the exceptionally tall man except a circus job, disconcerting stares at every step and acute discomfort.

My experience as an eight-footer has taught me that the Giant of the fairy story would have a far worse fate to-day than to be killed outright by Jack. He would be literally starved and stared to death, spending his last hours cramped and tortured in a bed too small for him.

It is an amusing thought to me that everybody should think that the taller a man is the better chance he has of getting employment. Let me tell you the real facts

Not so welcome

The Army wants tall men and spends a lot of money on coloured posters to attract them. So that when I decided to present myself for military service I expected that I would be greeted by a delighted recruiting officer whose face would be more radiant than his ribbons.

But the one who met me looked as glum as if he were being drummed out of the Service. I think I was the most unwelcome visitor he had ever had.

What did I think the quartermaster-sergeant was going to do with a man like me? How would I look in a uniform made for a man about half my size? Did I think the Army would dig its trenches another 3 ft. deep for the sake of one man?

Well, if the Army did not want tall men the police, I thought, would. Easily seen in a traffic jam, able to take steps twice as long as the average criminal—why, I was just the man they wanted.

The officer I saw came to the point at once. I was no good to them. He was afraid he would have to refuse me *on the grounds of height*. Staggered at first, I asked as politely as I could for his reason.

"The reason is," he replied, "that policemen are paid by the ratepayers to disperse crowds and not to attract them."

Attract crowds! Didn't I realise at once the force and justice of his remark. I had lost one of the best jobs I ever had for that very reason. That was in South Africa, where I was given a salesman's job by the Universal Tobacco Company.

I believe I would have given every satisfaction in my duties if I had been allowed to carry them out, but I was so much impeded by surging crowds that surrounded me and jammed me and even bore me in a direction opposite from the one I wanted to take, that the police pointed out that I was becoming a public nuisance. And that was the end of that good job.

Too big for a tram

I could write a lot about employers who give me an interview because they want to have a look at me, but they don't give me a job.

Perhaps they feel I would take the minds of the other workers off their jobs.

Or maybe they visualise me getting my head caught in a lift shaft or meeting with some other accident—at their expense—that wouldn't have happened if I had been 5 ft. 2 in.

There was one employer who did not think that way, and I thanked him for it, although it never brought me much good. He was the manager of the Cape Town City Tramways, who engaged me as a driver.

But when I reached the tram depôt to start my job they made the discovery that the city's tramcars were too small for me.

Although I proved that I was able to drive quite well by pushing my head out of the front and stooping slightly with my head held sideways, they told me they didn't want the city's service to look incongruous.

So the whole 8 ft. of me was still without a job

But the biggest tragedy of the big man is the fact that the whole world has been planned without any consideration for him at all.

The world is too small for me—and that is even worse than the fact that I find it so hard to get a job.

My problem of life spoils my sleeping as well as my waking hours, for I must wake twenty times a night to ease my aching joints, and continually change my position in beds that are always feet too small for me. I hardly know what a good night's sleep is.

When I came to England a few weeks ago I had my first comfortable sea-crossing, because a considerate steward knocked into one two bunks that met endways. On previous occasions I had always preferred to sleep on the hatches.

Imagine what your life would be if the world were made to the same scale as Princess Elizabeth's doll's-house!

I have rarely been without a bump on my head—because architects don't design houses and offices for eight-footers. Motor-cars, described as the acme of comfort, are to me mere boot-boxes.

I am sure no convict feels as uncomfortable in his cell as I do when compressed into a railway train. And as for sleeping in a night-coach in the ordinary way—why, it is absolutely impossible. I have to sleep in a corridor compartment and stick my feet out into the gangway, much to the annoyance of my fellow-passengers.

I refuse to raise the curtain on my method of bathing—except to say that you would be just as uncomfortable in a world fitted with baths no bigger than hand-bowls.

Boot salesmen have gone speechless on seeing my size 15 feet, as have tailors when I have ordered a suit.

Source of amazement

But more disconcerting than that, more disconcerting perhaps than any of my other experiences, is the fact that women frequently faint on seeing me.

This does not happen when, as you'd imagine, they see me full length. It is when my head passes over the top of a hoarding so that I am only visible from the neck up; or when a woman sees my head appear at a fanlight, or a shop-assistant sees my face gliding along the top of her shop window.

In Madeira, where I landed for a few hours, the natives called me "The Man from the Moon," and crowded round me in such numbers that I would have missed my boat if a special tender had not been obtained at the last minute to take me to the ship.

In the Belgian Congo, where they maintain that giants are not born of woman, they called me "The Man God Made." Before I knew where I was there were two thousand of them round me incanting religious dirges, and at last the whole crowd closed round me and danced with religious fervour, shrieking out in a mighty chorus that was heard five miles away.

A free look

There are advantages in being a giant, of course. . . .

I have never missed a single detail of a street accident. I walk up slowly, knowing that those who run won't get half as good a view as I.

I can take a stroll past a racecourse and see the result of the classic event better than the judges, without paying a ha'penny. I could see any county cricket match I liked this summer, without paying if I chose.

And my height wards off people who would be friends if I were smaller, but who dislike being seen with me because they don't want to look like midgets.

Bigness came to me unexpectedly. My parents, who are Australian, are quite normal in size, as are my brothers and sisters. At the age of ten I was the same height as all my playmates of that age.

Then between twelve and fourteen I shot up to 7 ft., soon putting on another foot.

Now, at twenty, I wonder how much longer I shall be able to survive in a world that is too small for me?

D 222

FIRST PRIZE £50

763 PRIZES FOR DIPLOMA LIMERICKS

1st PRIZE £50
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3rd PRIZE £2
10 PRIZES of £1 EACH
50 10/- POSTAL ORDERS
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SPECIAL PRIZES
200 CAMERAS

A Curate while batting at Brum.
Stopped a rather hard ball with his thumb;
As he moistened his lips
He remarked to the 'slips'

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, 'Regal' Milk or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be written on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

Competition (Dept. 7).
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CLOSING DATE:
Entries must reach us not later than **Friday, May 27, 1932.**

RESULT:
A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

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The **ENGLISH**
CRUSTLESS CHEESE

They say:—

"It is a really handsome wallet."
J. W. N., Morecambe

"A splendid timekeeper. I'm delighted."
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"The value of the camera case exceeds my expectations." *A. C. P., Stockwell*

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MAN'S WALLET
A real handsome suede wallet, gold lettered divisions with safety fastener for notes.

75 COUPONS

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Everyone has a good word for the Nestlé's gifts—and an equally good word for Nestlé's Chocolate. Pure, milky, wholesome chocolate! Valuable, handsome, very acceptable gifts. There is a coupon in every packet of Nestlé's Chocolate, from the 2d. wrapped bars upwards. Make a habit of asking for Nestlé's Chocolate—it's well worth while.

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CORNS

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Medicated DISK loosens corn.
Rim of PAD removes cause—Shoe pressure.
Inner part mildly medicated to end pain.

New! Medicated Disks, used with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, for positive removal of corns and callouses in 48 hours! *No extra cost!* Medicated Disks are now included in every packet of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns and Callouses. In one minute pain ends! In two days hard, dead skin is loosened and easy to remove. Safe, sure, antiseptic. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Corns-between-toes: from all Dr. Scholl's Depots, Chemists and Shoe Shops, per pkt. 1/3.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

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In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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The British Polar Year Expedition that recently left this country will face rigorous Arctic conditions for 15 months. Only provisions of the *highest food value* have been taken. There is no finer testimonial to the quality of the goods which have been chosen:

'Golden Shred' Marmalade
Robertson's Mincemeat
Robertson's Ginger Marmalade
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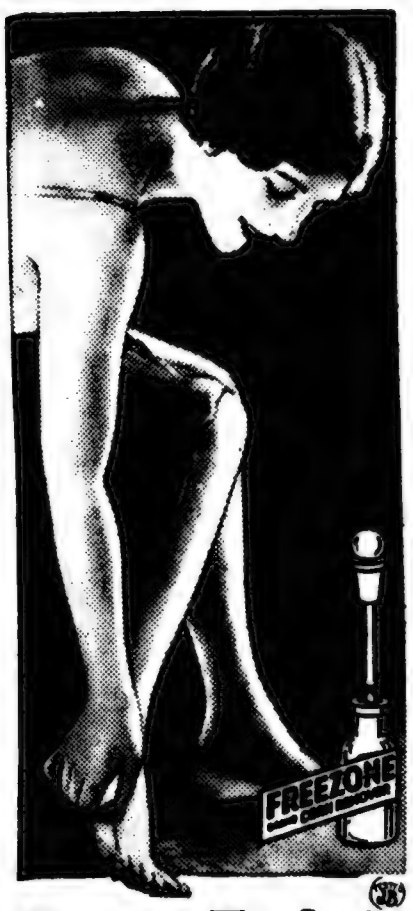


Corns Ended!

Why put up with corns or get only temporary relief when 'Freezone' Corn Remover will end them completely? A few drops on any corn instantly stops the pain and soon the corn loosens and comes right out without hurting. A 1/3 bottle from your chemist, Boots', Taylor's or Timothy White's will remove every kind of corn or callous.

They've No Right to Say—

Wedding Rings MUST Go

"... Bullied into parting with the thing she cherishes most deeply—her wedding ring."

by Mrs. CECIL CHESTERTON

THE drastic national economy which reduced the amount of the "dole" and limited the period of its receipt sends the unemployed to the Public Assistance Committees for further relief.

Some of these bodies discharge their difficult and heartrending duties with humanity and understanding.

In certain provincial and London areas the fact that a man owns or partially owns a house does not disqualify for assistance.

In other words, he is not compelled to sell at a ruinous loss what thrift and hard work have paid for, neither is he obliged to sell the furniture — those precious bits of sticks that make a home.

I have known cases where a family driven right against the wall through ill-luck and unemployment have been tided over their worst troubles by the discriminating help of a committee. But, alas, I have known many other cases which, as it seems to me, have been shown unnecessary harshness.

The awards of the committees are inevitably made on the recommendations and enquiries of relieving officers, whose manners and demeanour in many instances are beyond belief.

In one case a girl of twenty, whose husband, unemployed, was in the infirmary, applied for help for her baby of eight months. She had got a job at 25s. a week, but had to pay 12s. for rent, leaving only 13s. for food and fares, fuel and clothing and compulsory insurance.

The officer refused to put the case before the committee on the ground that the girl, who is very neat, pretty and naturally smart, wore "posh" clothes and did not need assistance.

Friends took up her case, but nothing would induce her to apply again. She told me she would rather starve—and keep her self-respect.

Women have come to me, again and again, with the same story.

"He told me I must sell my wedding ring before I could have relief. It's gold, and it's worth money. While you keep it it's no good to come here."

I have been told officially that the committees have no knowledge of this sort of thing and would strongly discourage such treatment.

* * *

Yet, to my personal knowledge, this form of cruelty still continues, and unfortunate women whose only crime is poverty are bullied into parting with what all things feminine cherish most deeply—the ring that symbolises the love, the forbearance, the suffering and the hope that marriage means.

A woman who lived with a man for twenty years, but never married, lost her man through cancer. She was left with seven children—one girl only at work. She asked for assistance, but never got near the committee.

Bumble, bursting with sanctimonious smugness, declined to put her case forward as she could not produce a marriage certificate. The woman was hard-working and clean. But that the children, well cared for, would have to suffer was of little consequence to Bumble.

And this kind of treatment to innumerable cases seems likely to continue while the committees rely on the relieving officers' reports, taking no steps, personally, or through a sub-committee, to check all applications.

A piteous story comes to me from a social worker. A woman with six children, recently left a widow, had no pension, as her husband did not pay insurance. She had, however, several small jobs, and the eldest girl of fifteen had been promised work.

* * *

A hard-working, sacrificial mother, she wanted only to keep her children with her in a decent home, and that was the one thing the relieving officer denied her.

"Go into the house," he said. "Take the children with you. That is all we can do."

The workhouse, to a fine, courageous woman of her mettle, is a symbol of disgrace, second only to imprisonment, and, as she knew, the children would have to be despatched to the guardian schools.

The same fate confronted a cheery soul of fifty-six, the widow of a man who served in the Great War and died a few years back. She had kept her little home together on her widow's pension of 10s. a week and what she could earn at cleaning jobs.

A bad bout of influenza had thrown her out of work, jobs were not so easy to pick up again, and by the time the rent of 5s. a week was found there was very little left for food and fire. She asked for just a little help—and was refused.

* * *

"The workhouse is the place for them who can't support themselves," said the relieving officer. "They'll keep you for the price of your pension."

"Over the Hills to the Workhouse" is the poignant story of many a broken spirit to-day.

An ex-soldier wrote to me recently. Fifteen shillings a week sick pay is the total income for himself, his wife and six kiddies. No relief for him. Bumble will not bring his case before the committee. But for the British Legion there would not be enough to eat.

And even this help in the form of groceries or a small joint of meat Bumble opposes. For where such gifts are given to those in receipt of parish relief the officers in certain districts carry their inquisition to the point of threatening prosecution of any ex-soldier who withholds the fact that he has had British Legion help.

These, as I know, are examples of exceptional rather than routine treatment.

But while the majority of public bodies appointed to adjudicate on their fellows' necessities found their opinions on the reports of an official who earns his salary by eliminating claims, so long will cases of desperate, tragic urgency be turned away.

Starvation or the workhouse! The alternative should be removed from the jurisdiction of our Bumbles.

The Human Machine

Behind the Scenes

WHAT is the real secret behind success? What helped great men to become great? It's instructive to look at the beginnings of some of the world's really successful men; for what you find makes you think.

Sir Thomas Sutherland, for instance, began life as a junior clerk at the age of fifteen. He had no assets beyond a clear brain, a sound education and any amount of pluck. Yet twenty-two years later he was managing director of the Peninsular and Oriental line, and ten years later he was chairman.

Andrew Carnegie, who died master of more than £40,000,000, was the son of a poor Scottish handloom weaver who emigrated to America, and he began work as a bobbin-boy at 5s. a week. Before he made good he was a stoker, a telegraph messenger, a clerk and a telegraph operator.

The late Mr. W. H. Smith, founder of the great newspaper distributing firm, worked in his shirt-sleeves sorting newspapers at five o'clock in the morning. Sir William Arrol, builder of the Forth, Tay and Tower bridges, began work as a "piecer" in a cotton-mill at the age of nine; he worked in Coats' thread-mill, and was a blacksmith's apprentice at the age of eleven.

Their secret is simple—the secret of all who have made a success of life; for their real ability was the ability to make every job a stepping-stone to a better job, the ability to seize every chance as it came, and to make chances where none seemed to exist.

Full of GOODNESS!

7½d per packet
(I.F.S. excepted)

All the family love Kellogg's Corn Flakes, served crunchy and crisp from the sealed inner WAXTITE bag. Oven-fresh always, they're delicious with cold milk or cream, honey or syrup or fruit. You never get tired of Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

As good for grown-ups as for kiddies. And they are economical and convenient too. No cooking required. Order a red-and-green packet from your grocer, today.

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES

Made by KELLOGG *in* LONDON, CANADA
KELLOGG CO. *of* GREAT BRITAIN, Ltd.
Bush House, London, W.C. 2

Make your bath a real tonic!

Oh, to feel tiredness drift from your limbs like a heavy fog dispersing. Oh, to feel weariness flowing out—as the water clears from millions of pores all the acid waste of the day. With a Reckitt's Bath Cube your bath becomes a tonic — reviving, reassuring you. Your blood reacts, your muscles relax, your skin is refreshed and toned. Soon, very soon, you are calm and content—and oh, how rested and right!

RECKITT'S Bath Cubes

2d. each, and in cartons of three cubes for 6d. or six cubes for 1/-
BRITISH MADE BY RECKITT & SONS LTD., HULL & LONDON

A RUB DOES IT!

"What *are* you children doing?"
"Sorry, mother—We've made a few marks on the floor playing football, so we're giving it a rub up with Willie to bring back the lovely shine you had with Mansion Polish."

Mansion Polish

gives a quick brilliance to Stained or Parquet Floors and Linoleum. For dark woods use Dark Mansion.

In Tins 6d., 10½d. & 1/9. Large household tin containing 2-lbs. nett 3/-.

GENUINE, NOURISHING, EASY TO MAKE, WATSON'S STOUT FIRST PLACE WILL TAKE.

A 6d. Box makes 2 Galls. Just think what it saves you.

Dr. WATSON'S TONIC STOUT

In 6d. and 1- Boxes from all Grocers, Chemists and Stores or send 9d. for Sample Box to Birmingham Food Supply Co. Ltd., Victoria Works, Birmingham.

Back Your Fancy Now FOR THE

DERBY

AND SECURE LONG ODDS

BEST POSSIBLE PRICES are given consistent with our guarantee of full and PROMPT PAYMENT OF WINNINGS

LETTER COMMISSIONS

are accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with our rules. No Limit on Single Events—Win or place. Favourites, Jockeys' Mounts, "Any-to-Come," Owners' and Trainers' Selected—Doubles, Trebles, Accumulators, Systems — all accepted. Tote Odds for Win, Win and Place, or Place only.

ALSO THE TOTE DAILY DOUBLE

FOR ANY RACE

If your letter commission bears a time stamp not later than the set time of the race—any race—in accordance with rules, you will be on at full starting price, or at totalisator odds if desired.

No agents THE BIG TWO Send direct

DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD

227 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

TRICKS they WORK on the BOOKIE

Usually it's "Pity the Poor Punter," but here we ask you to shed a tear for the Poor Bookie

JUST now, bookmakers all over the kingdom are having an anxious time of it with fraudulent backers.

The reason is that stress of circumstances has tempted a great many people who usually bet honestly to try their luck with a little hanky-panky. Some new method of fleecing layers, a well-known bookmaker recently remarked, is being thought out about once a month.

Since firms first began to accept bets by post, literally thousands of attempts have been made by backers to turn this privilege to dishonest advantage.

For the bet to be accepted, of course, the envelope enclosing it must bear a postmark stamped before the starting time of the race.

A favourite trick of the fraudulent backer is to despatch a letter addressed to himself in pencil, say a day before the race is run. On receiving it, he rubs out the address, fills in the bookmaker's address in ink, and then reposts it—or better still, pops it in the bookmaker's letter-box.

If the firm insists on its clients using special printed envelopes bearing its address, a label is lightly gummed over the printed address, and steamed off again when the letter comes back to the sender.

SO many attempts of this sort are made on firms every year that they can usually detect envelopes which have been tampered with at a glance.

But to make doubly sure, most bookmakers in a large way of business no longer have letter-boxes. They have their mails collected by special messengers; and the letters are bound tightly together in packages and deposited in a safe until they can be dealt with.

The other day a man entered a bookmaker's office with a letter bearing his address, but which had obviously been trodden in the mud. He almost succeeded in persuading the bookmaker that it had been dropped by the firm's messenger, but as it contained a heavy bet on a winning outsider suspicions were aroused, and on enquiry the man's tale was found to be impossible.

That is usually the way with bogus bets. The dishonest backer gives himself away by being too greedy. Either he places an enormous sum on a winning outsider, or he backs a fantastic double or treble which miraculously comes off.

Many ingenious ramps have been worked recently by telegram. One of the most dangerous of these, from a bookmaker's point of view, is carried out from some small and convenient post-office in the country.

Batches of telegrams are handed in by the gang, backing various horses for a certain race. This is done a few minutes before the race is run, and at the same time what are known as "blocking messages" are handed in.

These blocking telegrams are long and intricate messages, often in code, addressed to imaginary people. Instructions are given to the post-office clerk to send them first, and their effect is to hold up the other telegrams for half an hour or so.

Now, in much less than half an hour it is possible to 'phone through and ascertain the winner, and owing to a convenient clause in the regulations a sender may recall telegrams which have not yet been transmitted.

AS soon as the result of the race is known, all the punter has to do is to recall the messages backing the unsuccessful horses and allow the others to go through.

A further class of fraud, various forms of which have been tried, involves a second party, whose business it is to intercept telegrams at the other end.

Not long ago, a wire containing a bet for £10 on a winning horse was received by a bookmaker in the West End. The firm's suspicions were aroused because the full address instead of the telegraphic address had been used.

On making enquiries, it was found that the wire had originally been sent to an address on the opposite side of the road, and the name of the horse omitted.

Here the messenger boy had been met by a man, who took the telegram from him and inserted the name of the winner, altered the address, and explaining that there had been a mistake, asked him to deliver the telegram to the bookmaker

Within the last few months many bookmakers in London have been receiving telegrams from unknown senders backing all manner of horses for very large sums. These bets, of course, are never taken, and no claims have been made subsequently.

Enquiries have shown that these mysterious messages are connected with a new form of confidence trick.

What happens is this: A man staying at a hotel makes the acquaintance of a plausible stranger, who tells him that he has a "cert" for the three o'clock, and, ostentatiously calling a page, sends a wire backing the horse each way for, say, £500. Later on, the other man looks in his newspaper, and probably finds that the horse (which is always a hot favourite) has, at any rate, been placed.

Next day the stranger has another "cert," calls the page, and backs it for an even bigger sum. His acquaintance is impressed, and is often easily persuaded to risk £10 or so on it.

He pays over the money. If the horse loses, the trick can be repeated. If it wins, the stranger vanishes.

ONE of the most remarkable of these frauds ever worked involved a bookmaker who was ruined by an ingenious system of signalling. A gang booked a suite of rooms over his offices. One of their number would sit chatting to him in his room, and would casually back a horse heavily after the race was over.

The bet was nearly always disastrous to the bookmaker, because the result of the race had been communicated to the backer by means of coloured strands of wool let down from the rooms above.

There is no end to the tricks which can be worked upon a bookmaker.

And always the trump card is in the hands of the backer, for under the Gaming Act a bookmaker can never press his claims in a court of justice.

Race with "Silver Ring"

A Derby Long-Shot

NOW is the time when everybody is seeking a good each-way proposition for the Derby. When looking for a possible Derby horse I am a great believer in noting those animals that can act well on the turns of a racecourse, and, for this reason, Bulandshar may be my each-way long-shot for the Epsom classic.

This son of Blandford won the race for the Chester Vase in a hollow canter. The time for the mile and a half—2 min. 54 sec.—was not at all bad considering the state of the going, and it is worthy of note that Blandford has already sired two Derby winners.

The Chester Vase has more than once given useful pointers in the direction of the Blue Riband of the Turf. I recollect that Papyrus won it before going on to the great triumph.

Sandwich captured it twelve months ago, but was very unlucky at Epsom.

The Aga Khan has also Dastur and Firdaussi in the Derby. The final acceptance is not until the 24th of this month, but he can, if he likes, run all three. Blenheim was not the stable's "selected" when winning it two years ago.

More of the big race later. At the moment, however, Bulandshar, as intimated appears to be a very lively each-way bet. At this stage, I wouldn't hazard the prophecy that he is the likely winner; but he has certainly demonstrated his ability to negotiate a tricky course.

Aftab may be a long-priced winner of the Prince's Handicap at Gatwick this week-end.

Make a note of Godetia at Hurst Park on Whitsun Monday. This one may serve to pay the holiday expenses.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, May 12 to Wednesday, May 18.

S P B V D C E X Z R F 98 97 Y H O
K Q 93 94 95 U I M 96 L T W N G J A

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

KQI97KIL would read SPENSER.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

93AK2E would read BOSSI.

It's a Shame To Stay Fat

So Easy to Reduce

Look about you. Note how slender figures now displace the fat so common years ago. There has come a new era, based on a new discovery. Doctors the world over now employ it. The results are seen in every circle.

When you know how fat blights health, beauty and efficiency—how it robs life of half its joys—don't you think it a sin to stay fat?

Some years ago, medical research discovered a great cause of excess fat. It lies in a weakened gland, whose secretions largely control nutrition. That gland secretion is intended to change food into fuel and energy. If it is scant, too much food turns to fat.

Since that discovery, doctors the world over have been feeding that gland in obesity. The results have brought a new era to the over-fat, as you see on every side.

Marmola prescription tablets are based on that gland factor which modern doctors now employ. The tablets are prepared by a world-famous medical laboratory. They have been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of them. Most of you have friends who can tell you what they do.

Wise people have deserted the old ways of reduction—abnormal exercise and diet, harmful drugs. And the false treatments, of which there have been so many. They are keeping slender in this easy, pleasant, right way. And they are gaining new health and vitality as the weight goes down.

The Marmola booklet contains the formula complete. Also a complete explanation as to why the pounds go. You know exactly what you are taking, and why.

Go get a box to-day. It is folly to stay fat in these scientific days. Simply take four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all chemists at 3/- per box or sent post paid on receipt of price by the Marmola Co. (Dept. 83G), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Send this coupon or write for our latest book, a two-day sample free, and our guarantee.

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

MARMOLA COMPANY (Dept. 83G), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Please forward two-day sample of Marmola, Booklet and Guarantee Form—FREE.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

BABY NEVER CEASED CRYING

Eruptions Caused Intense Pain. Cuticura Healed.

"My baby had eruptions on his legs and stomach which caused him intense pain. They were very sore and inflamed, and were of a wet nature. The little chap was in such torture all the time that he never ceased crying.

"I tried numerous remedies for two months without any benefit. I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample of each. I used them with good results so purchased more and in one month all trace of the trouble had disappeared. He was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. E. J. Hughes, 11, Lark Hill View, Queens Drive, W. Derby, Lancs., Eng.

Rely on Cuticura Soap and Ointment to keep your skin clear.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s 3d and 2s 6d. Talcum 1s 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd. 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

A NEW COMPETITION!

If you have three pennies

£1,175 IN PRIZES

FOR CHEWERS OF 'BEECH-NUT'

Then you can buy three packets of Beech-Nut

And not only give your family and friends a delicious treat but enrol your opinions and theirs in a simple competition for more than a thousand cash prizes.

1st PRIZE £100, 2nd PRIZE £50, 3rd PRIZE £25, 1000 OF £1

Beech-Nut's delicious flavour comes from the finest peppermint. At the Rowntree model factory at York that flavour is forced deep into the heart of the gum. A higher proportion of costly chicle assists the retention of the flavour and ensures velvet smoothness without hint of bitter after-taste. Thus the flavour remains long after the delicious outer sugar-coating is dissolved.

Finally, a special process seals in this flavour—keeping it clean and fresh until released by your teeth. We want *you* to know how long the flavour lasts. *We* want to learn how long it is found to last. Thus this simple but interesting competition that is certain to leave a good taste in everyone's mouth. Send in your first entry *to-day*.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

All you have to do is:—

1. Buy three penny packets of Beech-Nut Mint Chewing Gum.

2. Time yourself and, we suggest, your friends (you get 12 pieces in your three packets) to see how long the mint flavour can be detected. This does not mean the first flush of flavour as you crush it. You will find that Beech-Nut Mint flavour lasts very much longer.

3. From these tests (the more people you test the more accurate should be your forecast), forecast *the number of minutes and seconds* (not exceeding two hours) which, in your judgment, will prove to be *the average of all qualified entries* received from competitors as to how long the flavour lasts per piece.

4. Finally, decide, in your judgment, the *order of importance* of the six reasons for chewing Beech-Nut listed on entry form.

5. Fill in your time estimate, number the reasons in your chosen order, add your name and address (not forgetting to pin on the yellow labels of the three packets), detach and post coupon below as directed.

The winners will be the entrants whose estimates first of time and then order of importance most closely approximate that of the average of all qualified entries.

You may send as many entries as you like provided *each* entry is on a coupon or printed form and accompanied by three (3) Beech-Nut yellow labels. Forms for additional entries obtained at shops or sent direct from York on request.

In the event of ties, prizes will be divided. Entries must be sufficiently stamped and addressed and *must* be received *before* or by first post on June 30th, 1932. No responsibility assumed for, or account taken of, entries lost in post or otherwise. Decision of judges, Messrs. Hugh Macrae & Co., Chartered Accountants, Kingsway, London, final on all points.

CUT AND ATTACH 3 'BEECH-NUT' YELLOW WRAPPERS
and post to BEECH-NUT SWEETS (ENGLAND) LIMITED, 61, Wigginton Road, York.

Name _____

Address _____

TIME FLAVOUR LASTS (not over 2 hours) _____ Mins. _____ Secs.

Post in sealed envelope using 1½d. stamp.
Write in Ink. Use BLOCK LETTERS.

REASONS (*Number in order of preference*)

- ☐ SWEETENS BREATH
- ☐ AIDS DIGESTION
- ☐ BRIGHTENS TEETH
- ☐ BETWEEN SMOKES
- ☐ SOOTHES NERVES
- ☐ ECONOMICAL

B.1.

If you require further entry forms, tick here ☐

BEECH NUT mint CHEWING GUM

and it's

BRITISH

Two X-word Entrants Win £625 each. Result of X-word Competition No. 163.

In the above Competition solutions containing one error were received from the following 2 competitors, who share the £1,250 offered. To each of these, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £625 will be sent:—

O. A. LEPPER, 5, Woodchester Road, Southmead, Bristol. Mrs. SLATER, 1, Rock Street, Oldham.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, May 24th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £50 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between the following 44 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing two errors, and who will each receive £1 2s. 6d.:—

Baldwin, R. G., Eastbourne; Cecil, M., Ballasagran, Courtown Harbour, Co. Wexford; Clarke, F. T. E., New Malden; Cusnick, J., Devonport; Cooke, Mrs. F., Ellesworth, Nr. Manofield; Cowan, W., Liverpool; Deville, J., Derby; Eady, Mrs. M., Rushden, Northants; Entwistle, Miss M., Darwen, Lancs; Evans, W. M., Pontycymmer, S. Wales; Foreman, E. H. Dulwich, S.E.22; Gibson, G., Newcastle-on-Tyne; Gotch, Mrs., Birmingham; Graham, L., Manchester; Hamer, A., Bolton; Harvey, Mr., Barking; Hawkins, T., Epsom, Surrey; Herbert, J., Preston; Hive, H. G., Hayes; Johnson, R. A., Manor Park, E.12; Lakehead, Mrs. A., Preston; Lumsby, C., Manchester; Miller, E., Putney, S.W.15; Morrell, C. H., Devonport, Plymouth; Nichols, W. T., Upper Holloway, N.19; Rawlins, E., Wellington; Reece, Miss M., Weobley, Herefords; Reeves, Mrs. H., Binley, Nr. Coventry; Roberts, W. R., Doncaster; Robson, G. E., Hexham-on-Tyne; Smith, C., Harborough, Leicester; Spencer, W., Southport; Stanley, E., Nottingham; Storey, T. W., Cumberland; Tenhaeuse, L. A., S.W.1; Thwaites, W., Bishop Auckland; Tonge, S., North Petherton; Varley, E., Rossmr, Notts; Wake, Miss M., Consett, Co. Durham; Walker, Mrs. C., Beverley, Yorks; Wells, Miss M., Hull; White, L. M., New Ferry, Cheshire; Wilcox, F., Stoke-on-Trent; Wingrove, J. E., Doncaster.

Another splendid X-word with a First Prize of £1,000 and £50 to be divided between the runners-up appears on Page 32. Try your skill now!

HOW HOSPITALS CURE STOMACH TROUBLES

FOR the last 18 months all the leading hospitals have been using what is known as the Maclean formula for all sorts of stomach troubles. Doctors everywhere have reported astonishing cures even of Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers.

Now you can get the original formula yourself at any chemist ready for your own use by simply asking for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Now if you know the agony of stomach trouble, wind, acid stomach, pains after eating, ulceration, you can get instant relief, free yourself from future danger, rid your life of discomfort and distress.

But be sure you get the genuine article under the exact name, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. If your chemist is out of stock, send 2/- direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10. Special Note: To get the genuine Maclean Brand Powder see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN," it is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2/- and 1/3 cartons. The former containing double the quantity at 6d. less than double the price and family size 5/-. Also packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

DRINK HOT WATER EVERY MORNING.

If people realised the power for good health that lies in the habit of drinking water there would be much less illness. As a common-sense health measure every man and woman ought to drink a glass of hot water each morning before breakfast, but those who are subject to rheumatism, stomach disorders or liver troubles should add a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate. This will wash away from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins, and will keep the system free from uric acid. All who are troubled with such minor ailments as sick headache, bad complexion, furred tongue or biliousness as well as sufferers from rheumatism, indigestion or constipation should get a quarter-pound jar of 'Limestone' Phosphate from a chemist. This will cost only two shillings and if taken as directed will stimulate the liver, cleanse the system, subdue uric acid and keep you really fit.

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD KNOW

that when baby cries his pains are nearly always caused through **INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, COLIC,** or **TEETHING,** and that in such cases the infallible, safe family remedy which has been recommended by mothers, doctors and nurses for over 75 years is

"GRIPE WATER"
Carminative (Brand)
MADE BY
WOODWARD
CHEMIST—LONDON.

A teaspoonful two or three times a day

KEEPS BABY WELL

It breaks up the wind, promotes digestion, and enables baby to obtain healthy and restful sleep.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON.
To W. WOODWARD, Ltd.,
51, Clapham Road, London, S.W.9.
Please send me a FREE SAMPLE.
(Use block letters and mark envelope "SAMPLE.")

Name .....

Address .....

J.B.11. .....

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

The LUCK I'D LIKE Again

THE luck to be able to buy a quart of good beer for fourpence, a bottle of real whisky for 3s. 6d., and genuine tobacco at half the price now demanded, with but few stipulations as to the hours in which such purchases should be made.

To be able to send a twelve-word telegram for 6d., a small parcel for 3d., and a letter for 1d.

I am afraid such luck will never come my way again; Chancellors and D.O.R.A. will see to that.—*"Sixty," Staffs.*

Gone!

Then.—I never sat down the whole day through. It was "Mother, come here," and "Mother, look there"; "Jean's hurted her knee"; "Bob's fallen on the stair"; "Mummy, there's daddy calling you."

Now.—These days have gone, and they've all gone, too. I was lucky then, though I never knew. I sit alone and I wish in vain that the luck I had was mine again.—*M. M., Essex.*

Good Turns

On tramp in the Highlands, I had the good fortune to save an elderly minister from being gored by a bull.

In return, the parson took me to the manse, fed me and gave me an old suit.

I found the pockets rather bulky. One contained a new briar pipe and a pouch of tobacco; another disclosed a shaving outfit, and a third contained a wallet with a cheque for £20.

A slip of paper bore the words: "One good turn deserves another. Good-bye and good luck."—*"Weary Willie," Dumfries.*

Care Free

To have the longing and ability to punch Smith's nose again; to gambol about the playing-fields and participate in the games with the same vigour of my youth; and to sit in a classroom—just to find out how many lessons I have forgotten!

To have the care-free mind and the effervescent spirit of my boyhood, with no knowledge of the trials and sordidness of life That luck I shall never have again.—*J. S., Hulme.*

The O'd Home

Just to live over again one year in the old home, and enjoy the simple things of life, as I did when a child.

To help father tend the lambs and pigs, gather snowdrops and daffodils, violets and primroses; get potatoes, peas, apples, pears; help with the hay and corn harvest; glean in the fields.

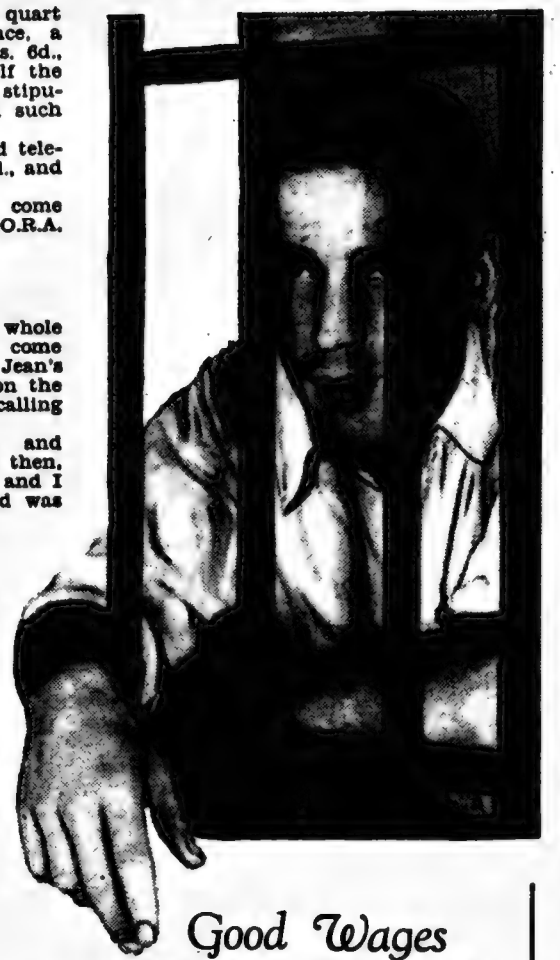
Last, but not least to have a meal of home-cured ham and eggs, fresh butter and cheese.—*"Shropshire Lass."*

Let Go

In 1896 I was in Vancouver, and was asked by a tradesman to buy a block of shares in a gold mine at ten cents a share.

I bought a hundred, and within three weeks had sold them for one dollar and eighty-seven cents apiece. In spite of the fact that I netted a profit of 2,800 per cent., I should have done much better to have held on.

The shares were the first issued for the famous Le Roi No. 1 mine, which, in time, would have ensured a competency for life for the lucky holder.—*H. J. R., London, S.W.*



Good Wages

I WAS walking along a Birmingham street when a woman, accompanied by a policeman, pointed at me and exclaimed: "That's the man."

I was arrested and charged with fraudulently collecting rent from several householders, and sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

Fourteen days later the real culprit, who much resembled me, was caught red-handed. I was given a complete pardon and £50.

It was the only time in my life that I have earned £25 a week, and I shouldn't mind doing fourteen days again under the same circumstances.—*"Skilly," Handsworth.*

Bails Off

Four wickets for four runs; three wickets for two runs. This was how my bowling analysis read in our opening matches a couple of seasons ago.

These were followed up by four for eighteen, three for ten, and six for twenty-four, finishing the season with an average of 4.06 per wicket, winning our club bowling prize, and just missing the League prize.

How I wish I could have the same luck with my bowling this season.—*"Cricket," Leeds.*

Not a Fool

Receiving a parcel on April 1, 1931, I thought someone was having a joke with me, and hesitated about opening it.

I did, and found a new pair of shoes. In the toe of one I found fifty £1 notes, with the words, "Enclosed a little nest-egg for kindness to an invalid."—*B., Norton St. Philip.*

Deserted

To be once again happy, with my hubby to look after and for him to care for me as he once did. Now he has left me, lonely, sad and anxious, and is looking after another woman.

I must face life alone, after twenty-two years of happy married life.

But I know that, wherever he is, he cannot get away from that "still, small voice," conscience.

He knows where to find me when he thinks about me, or remembers that I am still his wife.—*"Killarney."*

Prince's Nurse

I was filled with a great desire to travel.

One morning I read in the paper that an Indian Prince was ill, and would soon be leaving for Europe.

Immediately I despatched a letter to this Prince, offering my services to nurse him back to health.

I received a telegram, "Come at once; all expenses paid."

And I travelled—by land, sea and air. I spent the most glorious time of my life, and associated with wonderful, cultured people.—*Nurse, York.*

To Come!

Born fifty years ago, I have been lucky enough to witness the beginning of the greatest age in history.

Kinematography, wireless, television, aeroplane motor-car, improved education, health insurance—to name only a few inventions and advantages—have all tended to widen and improve life.

I would like to live another fifty years to see war—civilisation's foulest blot and hindrance to progress—finally abolished, as I believe it will be.—*E. Henderson, Cheshire.*

• • •

To hear my husband repeat those "sweet nothings" that I often heard when we were courting, and which I now deserve yet never hear.—*A. M., Doncaster.*

How I should love to be sitting in my old place in the orchestra, playing for the silent films. Can you wonder I have never been to the talkies?—*D. P., Yorks.*

For my husband to become strong and healthy again. His health means everything to me.—*Mrs. J. H., Markham.*

To have the full number of limbs and the robust health I had in 1914, instead of being a broken war "crock," with only one leg here and another "somewhere in France."—*"Straddler," Walsall.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, May 17.

How I'd Punish the Lindbergh Baby Kidnapper

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips."

NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"Miss —— and Mr. —— arrived here this morning on the completion of their bid to cross the North Sea in an outboard motor-COAT."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"He scratched his head and later I saw it being CARRIED ROUND THE HOUSE IN PIECES."

THE RED ARROW:—"He was so done up that he did not even wait for the usual brew of BUTTERED tea."

LIGHTWEIGHT CARGO:—"His eyes are glazed, his ears are DUMB."

MIDDLETON GUARDIAN:—"After I had left the cell in which —— was CONFIRMED, I had a chat with the police inspector."

WINDSOR AND ETON EXPRESS:—"It was in the FIRST FIFTEEN MINUTES of the last QUARTER OF AN HOUR."

"Wexford People":—"Miss —— said 'he' thought there should be a 'snub'-committee of the council."

BUFFALO BILL NOVELS:—"My BRACES will seek vengeance against the bad pale-faces later on."

HULL DAILY MAIL:—"'Go ye out into the world and preach the Gospel to every PREACHER.'"

CAPE TIMES:—"The terrified CAR jumped into the grounds of an empty house."

BANBURY ADVERTISER:—"He saw a car approaching him, with only the REAR side head-lamps lighted."

YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN...

"Shield instantly from the air, to save pain"

DOCTORS SAY

A SCALD, a burn . . . it may be *your* family's turn tomorrow. Are you prepared so that you will *instantly* be able to shorten suffering, and guard against infection?

"Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is the purest of all emollients. It forms a perfectly pure coating over the burn, shielding it from the air. The pain eases quickly, infection is impossible, and natural healing is hastened!

Keep a jar near you: *it is best for so many other things as well.* At night, for chapped or red hands; for baby's chafing; for sore eyes—and "Vaseline" Jelly costs so little! Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

• ***Wonderful for sore lips as well. Protects them and helps natural healing.***

Trade **Vaseline** Mark
Petroleum Jelly

Remarkable Offer

-all made in England too!

ALL FOR 2/6

Price in Irish Free State, 2 9

A Gillette razor in leatherette case, a large tube of Gillette Shaving Cream, together with three of the new slotted Gillette blades—the new super-keen blades that everyone is talking about. ALL THIS for half-a-crown and all made in Gillette's new London factory.
The number of sets is strictly limited; make sure of yours while you may.

TRADE Gillette MARK

GILLETTE INDUSTRIES LTD 197-207 City Road, London, E.C.1

POST YOUR FILMS to WILL R. ROSE *and get* **MAGNA PRINTS**

(The prints that are magnified)

4½×3 from No. 2 Brownie size - 3½d. each
3½×2½ from V.P.K. and smaller sizes, 2d. each.
Developing 6d. per spool and helpful advice as usual. "MAGNA PRINTS" reveal detail and beauty unseen in little pictures. You need not pay in advance, a guarantee of your satisfaction and the efficiency of WILL R. ROSE.
Write for List J.B. of my photographic service.

WILL R. ROSE
Chester . . . 23, Bridge Street Row
Oxford . . . 123/4, High Street.
Cheltenham . . 26, Promenade.
Over 60,000 receiving stations—your pillar box one of them.

My Goodness! **WHAT' SPLENDID TOFFEE**

SHARP'S GOLDEN SUPER TOFFEE

The breakfast food you need is one
That's guaranteed to nourish
So start the day with Shredded Wheat
And end it with a flourish

SHREDDED WHEAT

BRITONS MAKE IT—IT MAKES BRITONS

Gives 365 PERFECT SHAVES FROM ONE BLADE

SHARPEX will end your shaving troubles. Ensures a year's service from any double-edge blade. Nothing to break or wear.

De Luxe Model 5/-
Standard Model 2/-

Pifco **SHARPEX** RAZOR-BLADE SHARPENER

Sold at all Boots BRANCHES

Also from TIMOTHY WHITE'S, Chemists; TAYLORS, CHEMISTS; SELFRIDGES, London; HARROD'S, London; BENTALL'S, Kingston; LEWIS'S of Manchester, Liverpool and Birmingham; POLYTECHNIC, Glasgow; and good-class Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.
Leaflet from Patentees: Pifco, Ltd., High Street, Manchester.

Tasty, nourishing and sustaining: a meal in a moment on hike or picnic

Face Powder Facts.

SCIENTIST TELLS OF AMAZING NEW RECIPE

Extraordinary laboratory tests made with a new face powder formula have definitely proved that any woman can now obtain a beautiful, youthful complexion and entirely banish shiny nose, blotches and the worst complexion defects.

The ingredient which makes this remarkable difference is called mousse of cream. It makes the powder stay on all day long even in windy or rainy weather, and in spite of perspiration while dancing or playing games.

The entire world's rights to this amazing new formula have been acquired by Tokalon Mousse of Cream is now scientifically blended in exactly the right proportions by a patented process with the finest air-floated powder in Poudre Tokalon. Try a box of Poudre Tokalon, the only Mousse of Cream face powder to-day. The immediate and tremendous improvement in your appearance will be the admiration and envy of your friends.

FREE. By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may now obtain a de-luxe beauty outfit containing popular shades of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder so that she may test them on her own face. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skin foods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and package, etc., to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 222G), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

ELECTRIC LAMP, BELL, CARRIER, REFLECTOR FREE

A COVENTRY-BUILT CYCLE is the FINEST MOUNT IN THE WORLD

MY FREE CATALOGUE shows dozens of the latest & best COVENTRY MODELS seen in no other Lists, at MONEY-SAVING PRICES. No extras to pay for approval & CARRIAGE PAID. Write for FREE LISTS NOW.

£3-15s CASH or TERMS

Dept. S., COVENTRY.

WIN JOHN BULL'S HUGE PRIZE

£1,000

ONE WEEK ONLY! SECOND PRIZE £50

FOR THIS WEEK'S X-WORD ENTER BY MAY 19

£16,000 in cash prizes has been won by "John Bull's" X-word entrants during the last three months! You can make the total £17,000 by solving this week's interesting Puzzle.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED!

"JOHN BULL" will pay £1,000 cash for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 26th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 2nd.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. / ; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in its number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, May 19th.

2.—No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 2nd, 1932. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, June 14th, 1932, in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £50 to be divided between the runners up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE / With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING — See Rule 1.

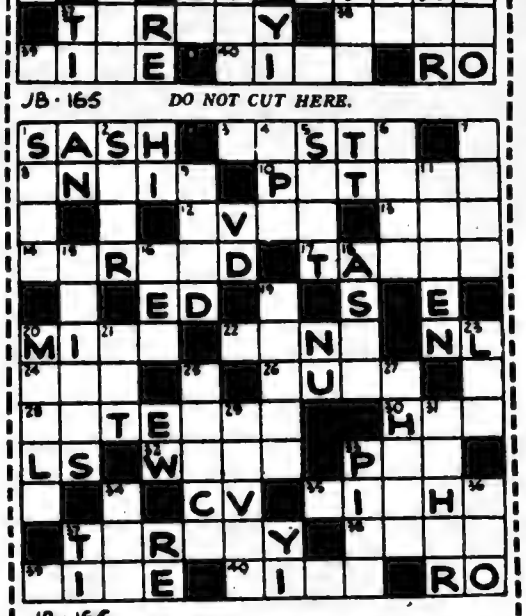
£3,000 X-WORD No. 164
As announced, Solution and Winners of No. 164 Contest will be published together in the issue of "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 26th.

TWO READERS WIN £625 EACH
See No. 163 Result on page 29

SHEIARPS
Strike out some of the letters above, leaving the remainder to spell out in proper order your answer to the clue—"Clippers." Done it? Now solve the other seven "Pass-words" on page 2 and win £150!

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 165

JB · 165 DO NOT CUT HERE.



JB · 165

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. ..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Don't omit your Name and Address.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

IMPORTANT This £1,000 X-word contest appears ONE WEEK ONLY. Entrants are restricted to four squares—entry fee, one shilling.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Worn round the waist.
3. Describes many critics.
8. Up to the time that.
10. Commonest vegetable.
12. Always.
13. Part of verb "to be."
14. Lay out.
17. Mechanised army uses them.
20. Corn is ground here.
22. A ship may be this.
24. First number.
26. The housewife's enemy.
28. Spoken.
30. Another name for pig.
32. Crafty.
33. Popular seat in theatre.
35. Moon can make this romantic.
37. Enjoyed at Christmas dinner.
38. Masticate.
39. Keep it clean, for health's sake.
40. Things in this are easily damaged.

CLUES DOWN.

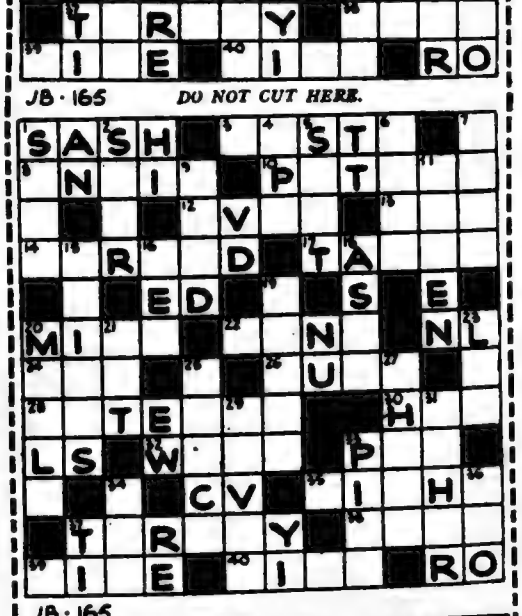
1. They add to small boy's troubles.
2. Noticed at a theatrical first night.
4. Large monkey.
5. Separate into classes.
6. You do this when sleepy.
7. Seen on tree's surface.
9. Heavy metal.
11. Captured.
15. May provide artist's living.
16. Slippery fish.
18. Requests.
19. How sonny looks, after football match.
20. Cast.
21. Allow.
23. Part of a limb.
25. What jewel thief often uses.
27. Part of the body.
29. Tiny men in fairy tale.
31. Second of two.
33. Choose.
34. Is often locked, for safety.
36. A couple.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.—A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

THIS CONTEST CLOSES Noon, Thursday, May 19

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 165

JB · 165 DO NOT CUT HERE.



JB · 165

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. ..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Don't omit your Name and Address.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

ADDRESS ENTRY "John Bull" Crosswords No. 165, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

HUGE X-WORD LIFE PENSION NEXT WEEK ONLY

The Editor Laughs LAST

G. M. (Stevenage).—"Has one half of the world any idea how the other half lives?" Yes, if you live in the suburbs.

IF you are troubled by any matter, you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day!

The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are purely for your entertainment.

S. J. (London, S.).—"A milk churn was stolen from my dairy." A cat burglar?

M. B. (Streatham).—"Every member of our family wants to write to you." All right, all write.

L. T. (Chelsea).—"What type of man is more likely to overlook things?" The tall type.

D. J. (London, N.).—"Taxi-drivers are good weather prophets." Fare, no change.

C. J. (Birmingham).—"I only believe a thing exists if I see it." Have you ever trodden on a rake in the dark?

S. B. (Brixton).—"How can I get on in life when I am always glued to an office stool?" Stick to it.

R. J. (London, W.).—"Should singers save their voices?" Yes, till after the performance.

WORRIED (Streatham).—"Is nothing to be done to improve our taxation?" Yes—nothing.

NELLIE (Golders Green).—"He says his love for me is as deep as the ocean." But surely you can't swallow that?

J. M (Ayr).—"Is it true that the London suburban housewife often has as many as six domestic servants?" Yes; but not all at one time.

G. M. (Wivenhoe).—"As I sit writing this letter, a thrush is singing happily outside." Why not? It doesn't have to read it!

D. M. (Goole).—"So far this year the rainfall is down by half." No doubt the other half will come down during our summer holidays.

W. M. (Hull).—"You must admit that this poem shows a slight improvement." Sorry, but we have forgotten how bad the last one was.

C. E. (Manchester).—"The British piano will take a lot of beating." Our neighbours have often shown us what it will stand up to.

T. W. (Staines).—"The first typewriter was introduced into England sixty years ago." Your letter suggests that you are using it.

SCIENTIST (London, E.).—"Television will soon be used in conjunction with the telephone." Awkward for a man to ring up his bookmaker and get on to his tailor by mistake!

S. S. (Totnes).—"An American film actor is having a statue made of himself." He is evidently determined to justify his Press agent's statement that he has finely chiselled features.

T. B. (Edinburgh).—"What exactly is soda-water?" Our neighbour's idea of a whisky-and-soda.

S. T. (Hythe).—"Is it a sin to play golf on Sunday?" No; it's the way some people play it that is the sin.

E. R. C. (Grantham).—"What is your idea of nothing?" A skinned sausage filleted.

H. O. (Newcastle).—"Sir John Biles suggests closing the House of Commons for five years." Why only five years?

G. J. B. (Bootle).—"Clever men are always poor writers." We congratulate you on your copper-plate style.

A. G. Y. (Preston).—"Then he gave me a half-hook." And you told him to keep the other half?

COOK (Barnsley).—"I was in my last place twelve months." Are you quite reformed now?

G. K. (St. Albans).—"There has been a tune running through my head for years." It should be aged in the wood by now.

H. K. H. (Edgware).—"They are bound to ask me to recite. What should I do?" Recite. It will serve them right.

R. B. (Notts).—"I wrote this letter with my eyes shut." What a coincidence; that is exactly how we read it!

E. L. (Hastings).—"Prosperity is just round the corner." But can you tell us how far off is the corner?

M. S. (Cardiff).—"My landlord complained that my small son just missed him when throwing a stone." Did you say you were very sorry?

PERPLEXED (Durham).—"I am crazy about a certain girl. How can I get her to say 'Yes'?" Ask her if she knows you are crazy.

L. R. (Dundee).—"In this town alone I could find fifty odd people who dislike your paper." "Odd" is the correct adjective.

R. P. (Blackpool).—"I am going to remarry the woman from whom I was divorced last year." Well, whatever happens, you won't have to break in a new set of relatives.

G. M. (Exeter).—"If you find anything suitable for your requirements among the enclosed articles, you have my permission to use it." Thanks, we have kept a paper-clip.

R. W. (Fulham).—"If I win the Irish Sweep I will give £10,000 for the National Debt." No doubt Neville Chamberlain would be pleased to get rid of it at that price.

H M. (Walton).—"I like to get to the bottom of things." Well, you have got your wish in this column.

S. N. (Hitchin).—"As soon as an idea enters my head. . . ." It feels lonely.

E. M. (Clacton).—"I prefer my own company." What a blessing for others.

G. N. (Truro).—"Can you tell me a cure for insomnia?" Great Scott! Don't you ever read your own letters?

D. M. (Bodmin).—"Although my letters are not perfect yet, you must admit I'm trying." Yes, very.

R. H. (Cheam).—"What a man says to his wife doesn't count." But her reply does.

R. R. (Ipswich).—"Six months ago I was scared out of my wits by an Alsatian." They may return.

T. C. (Halifax).—"I wrote the enclosed poem with my left hand." That's no excuse.

V. M. (Brighton).—"An American, who has been married nine times, has just gone insane." Just gone?

AUTHOR (Hampstead).—"I am writing a book on 'How to Live.'" No information could be more timely.

P. M. (Lowestoft).—"'Collection' and 'congregation' are synonymous." Are they? Ask any clergyman.

E. E. (Potter's Bar).—"Many eminent business men swear by the telephone." !! xxx ??! ;?x!!!

AL (Chicago).—"Over here, gangsters and police go hand in hand." Well, over here they go wrist to wrist.

"FIRST SLIP" (Kennington).—"I think this season will see bowlers on top." Where else can they be worn?

D. N. (Clacton).—"Where does the majority of London's milk supply come from?" Cows.

D. R. T. (Liverpool).—"It would be a sad day for Britain if she forbade honest beer; but it would not be the end of all things." No; only the bitter end.

N. A. (Hull).—"I have invented a folding lawn-mower which one can keep in a box." But not if the neighbours know about it.

S. M. T. (Kilmarnock).—"Do strong-willed women make good wives?" We cannot say, but they have certainly made some very excellent husbands.

T. M. (Leeds).—"I would give something to make my safety-razor blades last." A paper-knife and pencil-sharpener to your wife would do it.

A. J. (Kending).—"A man who stands for long periods with his chin sunk in his chest is generally of a gloomy, morose nature." Or a cricket umpire.

M. E. (Colchester).—"More and more women have businesses of their own." And most of them mind someone else's as well.

EMPLOYER (London, W.).—"What causes me to find my clerks idling every time I open the office door?" Perhaps its quiet hinges.

B. T. (Crewe).—"The eliminator working my set only functions intermittently. What would you advise me to do with it?" Win £400 and an All-mains Radio Gramophone with the help of page 35. Then you can do without it.

D. C. (Richmond).—"If you want to live long you must visit your dentist every two months." After considering everything, we have decided we don't want to live long.

F. K. (Folkestone).—"I come of a very old and adventurous family." We suppose some ancestor of yours came over with William the Conqueror as a stowaway.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

ACID STOMACHS CAUSE GASTRITIS AND STOMACH ULCERS.

SCIENTIST TELLS HOW TO NEUTRALISE THE ACIDITY.

Careful investigation by leading medical authority shows that fully ninety per cent. of all stomach trouble is primarily due to acidity of the contents of the stomach, and that when this acidity is neutralised, indigestion, flatulence, heartburn and gastritis disappear, and the stomach regains its normal condition.

"Acid," says a high authority, "irritates the delicate lining of the stomach, and renders it unable to perform its functions properly; furthermore, continued acidity will inflame the membrane to such an extent that indigestion, gastritis, and even stomach ulcers ultimately result. Medical treatment, so long as acidity is present, can only temporarily relieve the symptoms; permanent benefit and complete relief can only be secured by neutralising the acid, thus giving Nature a chance to heal itself. Personally, I have secured remarkable results in even the severest cases by the use of the well-known antacid, 'Bisurated' Magnesia, and I strongly advise anyone suffering from stomach trouble in any form to keep a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia on hand, and take half a teaspoonful in a quarter of a glass of hot or cold water after each meal, or when the slightest distress is felt. It can be obtained from any chemist, gives immediate relief, and I have known it to cure chronic cases of many years' standing, as well as the most severe cases of acute gastritis."

THE PACKET THAT SAVES YOUR POCKET

One at a time

ZIG-ZAG CIGARETTE PAPERS

PILES

You may have been tortured for years with itching, bleeding piles. Test Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy and experience amazing relief. Inflammation is soothed, irritation and bleeding cease. Sold by all chemists, 3/- per tube, including nozzle applicator. Be sure you ask for Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy. It is entirely British.

MAN ZAN
Brand Pile Remedy

Readers of "John Bull" will be interested to learn that "GILLETTE" Razor products—Razors, Blades, and Shaving Cream—are now manufactured from start to finish in England.

British industry is, therefore, stimulated by this development, and no finer tribute can be paid to these products, which are family friends to millions, than to claim they are the quality of British manufacture and British workmanship.

The DR. SINGHA NEW INDIAN
ASTHMA CURE
is accurately named because it does what it is claimed to do. Unimpeachable proof exists in a book of RECENT ENGLISH testimonials—scores from chronic sufferers previously given up as incurable. If others can receive relief and command cure, why not you? SEND 3d. in stamps for (1) FREE SAMPLE TREATMENT, (2) Book of Testimonials, and (3) A presentation copy of this Asthma Specialist's Book of Advice. Delay is dangerous! Write to-day to The Dr. Singha Asthma Cure Co., Pharmaceutical Importers (Room 35), Caernarvon.

Don't Wear a Truss!

After thirty years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women, and children that cures Rupture.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried almost everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

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(4836), 274, Deansgate, Manchester.
Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture.
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
Please write (plainly) .....

QUACKS TAKE YOUR MONEY AND LEAVE THE DISEASE

It is most dangerous to be treated by Quacks, Herbalists, and others who, although they may call themselves doctors, hold no recognised medical degrees. It was made illegal for them to treat Venereal infection, because they cannot cure it, although they may clear away symptoms.

It takes years of special training before a fully qualified doctor is skilled in the treatment of Venereal Disease; how, then, can a Herbalist cure, when he has had no medical training at all?

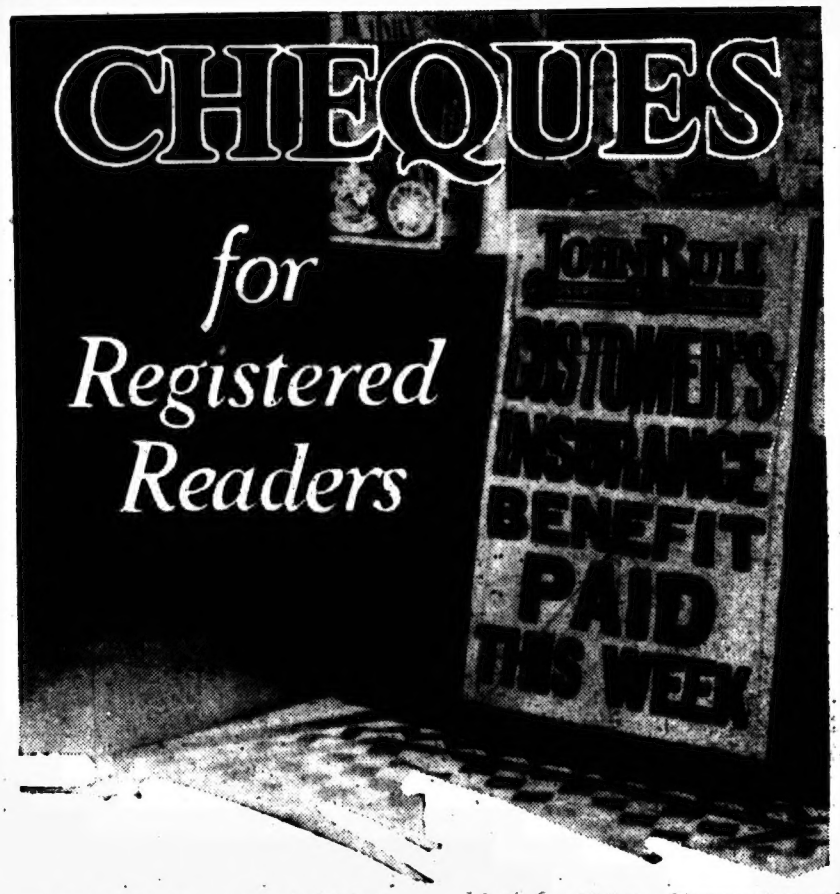
Those, therefore, who are anxious about their condition should go at once to a proper doctor, or the nearest Free Treatment centre, and seek advice.

Full information, free (in plain cover) can be had from the Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council, Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James's Park Station). The Medical Secretary will interview callers free of charge at the above address on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, between 5.30 and 6.30; or an appointment may be made by telephoning Victoria 8767. No examination or treatment is undertaken.

Six useful booklets for Parents, 1/4 the set. Four useful booklets for Girls, 8d. the set. Six useful booklets for Young Men, 1/3 the set. All in plain cover. Postage paid in the United Kingdom.

Mention "John Bull" when writing.

A New Treatment FOR BAD LEGS.
A Free Sample and descriptive Booklet is offered by the New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.
See page 14.



THIS poster is typical of hundreds which may be seen outside newsagents' shops every week, announcing the payment of Benefits to registered readers under JOHN BULL's Great Free Insurance Gift. During the month of April alone more than a thousand readers found the benefit of this wonderful all-round protection, as is shown by the list below. In this period no fewer than

472 cheques were dispatched to readers whose homes had suffered from fire.

29 cheques were paid in respect of burglaries.

94 more cheques were sent in respect of sickness benefit.

127 cheques were posted to readers for home accidents.

17 claims were paid on account of sports accidents.

325 cheques were sent to parents in respect of children's accidents.

And, in addition, cheques were paid on account of storm, flood, etc.

Absolutely free of all cost, JOHN BULL covers you and yours in a way NO OTHER PAPER does. FIRE, BURGLARY, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, HOME AND GARDEN ACCIDENTS, SPORTS ACCIDENTS, LIGHTNING DAMAGE TO WIRELESS, and CHILDREN'S BENEFITS.

At any moment calamity in one of many forms may visit your home—danger lurks in the most unsuspected places. The utmost care and prudence cannot guarantee you immunity from the perils and hazards of life—but you can find relief from a great deal of worry by becoming a registered reader. If you have not already done so, sign the registration forms below, and get that sense of security which only JOHN BULL can give.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....
Address .....
.....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature .....
Address .....
.....
..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 14/5/32.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to
"John Bull" Registration Department,
122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age.....
Address .....
.....
.....
Name and Address of Newsagent .....
.....
..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**
J.B., 14/5/32.

CASH THE COUPONS!
JOHN BULL'S PEN OFFER
JOHN BULL FEN COUPON.
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.
Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
VALUE 3D

In Love with her New White Skin

Do you want a skin that is white, soft and smooth—the kind of skin all men love and admire? Recent tests reveal that any women can now easily whiten, soften and beautify her skin simply by the daily use of Crème Tokalon, White Colour (non-greasy). It now contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil combined with whitening, tonic and astringent ingredients. Instantly penetrates, soothes irritated skin glands and contracts enlarged pores. Blackheads are dissolved and fall away. Wrinkles of fatigue vanish in one application. Keeps the driest skin delicately moist. Takes the shine off an oily or greasy skin. This new Crème Tokalon, White Colour, quickly gives indescribable new skin beauty and freshness—such as can be obtained in no other way.

PILES! PYLITNA
Take in warm water. **PILE POWDERS** 5/- & 2/9 per box (in U.K. only).
Guaranteed harmless to the system.
Pylitna Brand Powders are so effective that Injections and Surgical Operations are avoided.
Doctor (M.D., M.S.): "Best remedy for piles."
Doctor (M.D., etc.): "Pylitna is really wonderful."
Lady: "Pylitna powders have cured me."
Nurse: "I always recommend them."
Gentleman: "Pylitna has worked wonders."
Nurse: "Both powders and tablets most effective."
Pylitna Brand Powders 5/- and 2/9.
Tablets and Ointment 5/- each.
Of Chemists or direct from
G. S. MUMFORD & SONS
Pylitna Depot,
168, Drummond Street, London, N.W.1. (Dept. 12.)

URACE BRAND TABLETS
give quick relief in even the most severe cases of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, etc. Urace Tablets dissolve uric acid, and drive it from the system. No harmful drugs. Banish
RHEUMATISM
Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Kidney Troubles, Influenza, Backache, Cramp, etc., etc.
1/3, 3/- & 5/-
from all chemists or write for Free Sample to—
URACE LABORATORIES,
(Dept.32), 31-33, Banner St., London, E.C.1

Have You entered the "BEECH-NUT" £1,175 CASH PRIZE COMPETITION!
1st Prize £100; 2nd £50; 3rd £25
On page 29 appears a new novel competition in which £1,175 in cash prizes will be awarded in a very simple contest. 3d. will purchase three 1d. packets of "BEECH-NUT" at any confectioner's, and this will qualify for each entry. You can, if you wish, send as many entries as you like. The coupon in the advt. on page 29 provides one entry form, which must be accompanied by the yellow labels from a "BEECH-NUT" packets. Additional entry forms can be obtained by writing to the address in the advt., mentioning "John Bull." Read the full conditions and enter now. There are also 1,001 Prizes of £1 which must be won! **TURN TO PAGE 29!**

£400 FINE 'BULLETS' FIRST and SENSATIONAL BONUSES OF 'EDISON BELL' ALL-ELECTRIC £32 RADIO GRAMOPHONES

Every winner of £2 10 0 or over in this contest who is on "JOHN BULL's" books by Saturday, May 21st for a free copy of "Bullets" Bulletin will receive a Bonus Award of a £32 ALL-ELECTRIC RADIO GRAMOPHONE. A battery model of equal value will be supplied to such winners having no electric current available. The guidance of "Bullets" Bulletin has brought success to hundreds of "Bulleteers"—post off this coupon to-day and become eligible for the finest Bonus ever offered!

OTHER PRIZES SECOND £50 THIRD £25
10 of £5 10 of £2.10
25 of £1 500 of 2/6
2,000 SPECIAL 'RED SEAL' TARGETS
8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

THIS WEEK ONLY
CLOSING SATURDAY MAY 21

USE THIS RADIO GRAMOPHONE COUPON

IF YOU ARE NOT ALREADY REGISTERED FOR "BULLETS" BULLETIN

I enclose P.O. value SIXPENCE. SIGNED .....
No. ..... to cover ADDRESS .....
postage on 12 weekly issues of .....
"Bullets" Bulletin.

CUT ROUND DOTTED LINE — POST TO-DAY!

BIG CHEQUES—RECORD BONUSES—BE QUICK!

ONE of the finest one-week prize-lists ever presented by JOHN BULL is before you to-day.

The First is as high as **£400**, followed by twenty-two other substantial cheques for good *Bullets*. And every one of these twenty-three chief winners will receive an additional Bonus of a £32 Radio Gramophone, provided that one simple condition has been observed by the entrant.

To become eligible for a Radio Gramophone Bonus in addition to any cash prize of £2 10s. or over which you may win in this contest, you have only to complete and post off the coupon which appears above. Do not enclose it with your *Bullets* entry, but address to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

Only until Saturday, May 21, is this double opportunity within your reach. Post off your entry, and a telegram from Long Acre on Friday, June 3, may bring you the biggest thrill of your life!

To make a prize-worthy *Bullet* you have only to compress any rough idea which may occur to you into TWO, THREE or FOUR well-chosen words which link up neatly with the *Example* chosen and form an apt and original comment.

You might, for instance, choose the *Example* GIVING IN. Your first rough idea, perhaps, might be HUSBY—TO WIFE'S DEMANDS. Then, seeking better phrasing for this idea, you might develop it into GIVING IN—HUSBY—TAKING HER OUT. Thus a *Bullet* is completed.

To help you further, spend a little time studying the winners printed below—they illustrate the value of ingenious phrasing. Then settle down to a quiet half-hour with the *Examples* and make up some good *Bullets* in time for this fine offer.

100 BIG CHEQUES AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £300, COMPETITION No. 846:
Mr. J. W. COLEMAN, 25, Dorset Road, Clapham, London, S.W.
Example:—JOB FOR A HERO
Bullet:—"FIXING" IRELAND—"MOVING" GENEVA.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Miss G. JONES, 4, Union Buildings, Llanelly, South Wales.
Example:—To Win
Bullet:—Useless "Hugging" Convention's "Rails."

THIRD PRIZE OF £40:

Mr. G. MASON, 21, Ty Isaf, Park Avenue, Risca, Mon.
Example:—Voice From Upstairs
Bullet:—"Lionel!" "Y-Yes, My Lamb?"

OTHER PRIZES:

£30: S. PEGGS, 33, New Road, Grays, Essex.
Lies—Come Unstuck—Then Stick.

£25: T. COWLING, 23, Northlands Street, London, S.E.
Successful Man—Found "Sphere"—Kept "Square."

£20: W. McNALLY, "Glenview," Glenluce, Wigtownshire.
Taxes—Hit My "Bit By."

£18: C. TREWAVAS, 2, Basford Road, Firswood, Old Trafford, Manchester.
The Door Opened And—*Warder* Shook Hands, But—

£16: A. W. HERRING, 1, Chestnut Grove, Barkingside, Essex.
When Cupid Whispers—Short Evenings—Long Good-nights.

£14: E. PULLEN, 54, The Drive, Golders Green, N.W.
Taxes—"Hurdles" That Are "Jumping."

£12: A. KEATING, 4, Buckingham Road, Levenshulme, Manchester.
Holy Terror—Hid Baby—Demanded Jam!

TEN PRIZES OF £10 EACH:

H. K. BANKS, 3, North Parade, Ripon.
I'm All Ready, But — Can't "Retire"—Children "Out."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

B. BENNETT, 15, Lambton Street, Bolton.
What The Traveller Said—Made *Commissionaire* Repeat "Orders."

Mrs. A. BLANCHFIELD, 143, Prescot Road, Fairfield, Liverpool.
Taxes—"Sums" Shortening Our Playtime.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

F. A. COATES, 62, Chillen Street, Aylesbury, Bucks.
Poor Show — Embankment's "Gallery"—Humanity's "Rejects."

J. G. DAWSON, 163a, Ripple Road, Barking.
Burning—Brewery—Fire Brigade "Scorching"!

A. L. GRIFFITHS, 6, Walmer Terrace, Glasgow.
Given The Chance—Disarmament "Fighting Taxpayer's Battle."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SHEIARPS

Strike out some of the letters above, leaving the remainder to spell out in proper order your answer to the clue—"Clippers." Done it? Now solve the other seven "Pass-words" on page 2 and win £150!

W. D. HARRIS, "Craigmore" Woodsetton, Dudley, Worcs.
Family Tyrant—Sucks Its Despotic Thumb.

J. L. McHARG, 106, Riddell Street, Clydebank.
What The Traveller Said—Made Her Order—Trousseau!

A. G. RHYMES, 1, Harpes Road, Oxford.
What The Traveller Said—To Trunk, "Comfortable, Sandy?"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. WILLIAMS, 25, William Street, Cilfynyod, Pontypridd.
Wizard of Westminster—Waving Flag—Money Appears!

A complete list of 70 other cheque winners from £7 10s. to £2 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

The original cheque for 4,700 Guineas, the prize chosen by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 846, will be displayed in the window of Mr. E. Meeijer, 1, Archer Street, Hyson Green, Nottingham.

NEXT WEEK: JUMPERS FIRST! £500 AND £300 RECORD BONUS for DOUBLE TOTAL WINNERS

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 850.

IN BRITAIN'S WORKSHOP	ALL BUT	ACCORDING TO HER
POMP AND PAGEANTRY	MODEL COUNTRY	DAMPED HIS ARDOUR
WE ALL LOVE DAD, BUT	COMMANDS RESPECT	A FOOL'S ERRAND
MINE OF INFORMATION	MAN WHO FORGETS	FIRST ARRIVAL
LEAGUE OF RELATIONS	HEARTLESS	THE CHEMIST
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND	GIVING IN	SHOWS HE'S A PAL
HELPING THE PEDESTRIAN	PAINFUL DUTY	BUDDING GENIUS
FEMALE OF THE SPECIES	TO OUR CREDIT	CHAINED TO A DESK
A HOME	HUMBLY	EXCITING
ON THE DANGER LIST	FROM THE AUDIENCE	WHEN BABY CRIES
	UNEXPECTED	UNEQUAL STRUGGLE

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(850) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. May 21
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(850) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. May 21
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(850) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. May 21
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(850) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. May 21
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry:—"Bullets" No. 850, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 850 usually purchase "John Bull."

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of Entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible

SHAVE WITH A SHARD and save money

Shard Blades can be obtained from all Boots' Branches, Halford's Depots, etc.

6D. FOR 4

Guarantee. If your packet of Shard Blades does not give you complete satisfaction, send back the blades, together with the packet, and the name and address of your Dealer, and your money, including postage, will be refunded in full.

IT had to come!—a Safety Razor Blade of super excellence at a popular price—and here it is—"The Shard"—6d. for 4.

Test it in any way you like. You will discover that no other blade will give a smoother, cleaner, keener shave—no other blade will last longer or perform morning after morning with more delightful precision. No matter what price you pay you cannot buy a better blade than the Shard.

casily as you can take a cigarette out of your case. The patent packing protects the delicate shaving edge as never before. You can also see at a glance how many blades you have left.

Look for the orange and black package at your dealers. Shard blades are sold under a definite guarantee of complete satisfaction or your money back.

Slip a "Shard" into your safety razor to-day

Not only has Shard revolutionized blade values—Shard has also revolutionized the method of *packing*. In place of the old-style container, you have the handy Cellophane-wrapped Shard Packet! You can take a blade out of this packet as

Note to Retailers.
Stocks should be obtained from your usual wholesaler or write to: C. L. Shard and Co., Ltd., 212/214, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.
Telephone: Mus. 2013.

SHARD BLADES

6d. for 4 . . . Why pay more?

WORKED-IN GRIME makes linens dull and dingy . . .

THINK how daily use and wear drives fine dirt right *inside* your fabrics. You can't dislodge that harmful ingrained grime by rubbing.

That's why you need Persil's amazing oxygen action to move the dirt that has been rubbed in, because it makes the soap go *through* the fabrics. That's the secret. The Persil soapsuds are kept alive by millions of oxygen bubbles. They work all the time, cleansing and bringing whiteness right between the threads. And when that's done you'll get a new standard of whiteness that will amaze you!

And Persil gives this same extra freshness to your whole family wash. See how bright it makes every colour; how it brings the first nice finish back to dainty silks and woollens. Persil's penetrative washing is best for everything!

Visit a Persil Institute—see for yourself the wonderful results Persil gives. Bring a small article for free demonstration wash. Or write to Crosfield's, Warrington, for "The Practical Washing Handbook" and address of nearest institute.

Persil

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

PER 277-71-65 JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON

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